









# The world of Barbara Pym

By Philip Larkin

The first thing a novelist must provide is a separate world. And so we have Mildred Lathbury, a thin, slightly plump, middle-aged, "new person" who lives in the flat below hers in a house so very much the "wrong" side of Victoria Station. Or rather, a new person, Mrs. Napier, who wears trousers and is an anthropologist and leaves the washing-up to her sister, Jane, but who has a husband ("Rockingham") who collects Victorian and is a flag lieutenant and will shortly be coming home. Well, it is something to tell the forthright vicar, Julian Malory, who lives with his enthusiastic sister Winifred and appears vowed to celibacy; but then Rockingham arrives ("You must be Miss Lathbury") and the Malorys take as lodger a (Jermyn) widow gloriously named Allegra.

One of Barbara Pym's novels (published between 1950 and 1961) open on to this world from different angles: England in the 1950s, and the lives of youngish middle-class people, educated rather above the average and some times to a background of high Anglicanism, who find for the most part that the daily round, the common task, doesn't quite furnish all they at any rate do ask. As novels they exhibit no development; the first is as precise as the last, observation, the social comedy, the interplay of themes equally expert. Although each stands by itself, they are unobtrusively dependent: it is not until *Less Than Angels* (1955), for instance, that we learn what happens to Miss Lathbury and *Excellent Women* (1952), and this technique strengthens the claim of all six to be recognized as an oeuvre.

Their narratives have the air of being picked up almost at random: the characters have usually been living for some time in the circumstances in which we meet them, and yet some small incident—new tenants in the flat below, a new curate ("but what a pity it was that his combinations showed"), new friends made at a conference of indexes and bibliographers at which school friends have to set off a chain of modest happenings among interrelated groups of characters, watched or even recounted by a protagonist who tempers an ironic perception of life's absurdities with a keen awareness of its ability to bruise. And so couples—such as Mrs. Napier and Rockingham—break up; Prudence visits her college friend Jane who has married a vicar, and meets the local widower; four students after two research grants stay with the professor for a weekend and are put through their paces. And by the end things have changed: three of Miss Pym's

heroines are, by the time we take leave of them, seemingly committed to future husbands, the sisters Harriet and Belinda (*Some Time Gaze*, 1950) both receive and decline proposals, with the unspoken agreement that they are better off together entertaining the occasional curate, Jane, who is really an effective vicar's wife ("Oh, if only I had known it would be like this"), fails to find Prudence a husband, but sees her off safely into another love affair. The moral of it all seems to be, as the vicar preys "in too casual a tone to sound priggish", that "We must accept people as we find them and do the best we can."

The properties may sound trivial ("but those are the things that make up life, aren't they?"), yet Miss Pym's gay, confident gift invests everything it handles with an individuality—concealed, is it? Certainly the reader is always on the edge of smiling: at the anthropological seminar ("No ceremonial devouring of human flesh?"), the self-indulgent widower walking out to a background of high Anglicanism ("Is there anything there you would like?"), all on this tray, 15s, Jessie read"), the genteel fighting of office workers ("I was actually here between ten and five to ten this morning"), but the most striking is the last, a slight altercation, Jane and the vicar sit eating "thick slices of bread spread with a paste made of prawns (and other fish)"—life, it is implied, is very much an affair of "prawns and other fish". Or more deliberately: when Allegra invites Miss Lathbury out to lunch, first to tell her that she is engaged to the cellmate Malory, and secondly to persuade her to "take on" his sister Winifred ("The room seemed suddenly very hot and I saw Mrs. Gray's face rather too close to mine, her eyes wide open and penetrating, her teeth small and pointed"). Miss Lathbury, having extricated herself, tries to restore her composure by purchasing an exotic lipstick against the assistant's advice ("Thank you, but I think I will have Hawaiian Fire," I said obstinately"). Amusement is constantly falling more pretentious emotion.

But emotion is there all the same. Throughout the novels runs the theme that if we are to live at all we must turn, however hesitantly and with whatever qualifications, to someone else—or, as the title-page of her first novel has it, "Something to love, oh, something to love." About love on the grand scale ("a large white rabbit thrust into your arms and not knowing what to do with it") Miss Pym says little. Some of her heroines are content with what they have, which is more often little than

much ("For here she was sitting on the sofa with the person she had loved well and faithfully for thirty years... although he was now married and an archdeacon"); those who do attain a potentially satisfactory relationship do not always find it with the most immediately attractive person or by the most romantic way.

"I rang up to ask if you would come and have dinner with me in my flat this evening. I have got some meat to cook."

"I saw myself putting a small joint into the oven and preparing vegetables. I could feel my skin back bending over the sink."

"I'm afraid I can't come tonight," I said baldly.

"Oh, I'm sorry. His voice sounded flat and noncommittal, so that it was impossible to tell whether he really minded or not."

The most explicit affair is that of Catherine Oliphant, who writes stories for women's magazines, and the anthropologist Tom Mallow ("It did not seem to occur to Tom that they might get married. Catherine often wondered whether anthropologists became so absorbed in studying the ways of strange societies that they forgot what was the usual thing in their own"). Yet when she observes him holding hands with a young student in a restaurant, she dismisses him from her flat with a promptitude that is at once funny and moving.



Barbara Pym

his own glass but not Mildred's. Rocky Napier bringing for a bunch of chrysanthemums dragged up roughly from his own garden, not bought from a shop; or perhaps simply selfish, as when Digby and Mark land themselves on Catherine for supper ("It's so depressing cooking for one person, or so one hears"). Miss Pym's novels may look like "women's books", but no man can read them and be quite the same again.

For conduct is important, as well as love, in the subtlest of her books. *A Glass of Blessings* (1958), Wilmet Forsyth ("rather selfish and frivolous"), as the blurb says stately; she knew Rocky Napier in the Navy) derives much light amusement from her dowdy friend Mary, the personalities of the Clergy House, her excessively sober husband Rodney and his mother, Sybil, in whose house they live; at the same time responding clandestinely to the enigmatic overtures of Piers Longridge, and probing idly

into his withdrawn lifestyle. In the end, however, Mary marries the handsome Father Ramsey; Rodney's mother remarries at sixty-nine ("we have the seventies before us, and perhaps even the eighties"), and Rodney admits to having taken Jane's friend Prudence out to dinner "once or twice", where Wilmet is left not only with the discovery that Piers is homosexual but with the acquaintance of his leechlike boyfriend Keith, who fingers the curtains in her lovely home to see if they are lined, and assures her that Piers does not really think she is "unlovable" (something he implied at their last unfortunate meeting). Clearly she will never get rid of Keith (this is confirmed in *No Pond Return of Love*, 1961), nor will she leave her half-realizing that she must be earned rather than idly pursued.

So there it stands, the world of Barbara Pym, what stays longest with the reader, once the amusement, the satire, the alert eye and the exact eye have all been acknowledged? Partly it is the underlying loneliness of life, the sense of *unhappy omens*, whatever one thinks of when turning out the light in bed ("The only real book of devotion she had... told her that we are strangers and pilgrims here and must endure the heart's banishment, and she felt she knew this, anyway, though partly it is the virtue of enduring this, the unpretentious adherence to the Church of England, the absence of self-pity, the scrupulousness of one's relations with others, the small blameless comforts. It is not a world likely to have helped its own in the Swinging Sixties, and indeed it did not: Lady Chatterley's reign was not, regrettably, molested by the later unpublished novels. Yet these we have persist in small library reprints: the sparkle they had on first acquaintance has been succeeded by the deeper brilliance of established art; they are miniature, perhaps, but will not diminish. And when they come to be properly reprinted, they inevitably will, what better epitaph for them than the reflection of the luckless Tom Mallow: "He marvelled, as he had done before, at the sharpness of even the nicest women.")

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Macmillan will publish Barbara Pym's new novel in the autumn.

## Scouse-proud

By William Weaver

ALAN BLEASDALE: Who's Been Sleeping in My Bed? 219pp. Hutchinson. £3.50.

Franny Scully is of a type classified as soccer hooligan; unemployable school-leaver; Scouse git. He lives on one of those Liverpool estates where the off-licences are fortresses and streetlamps are the target for practice. Like Buck Finn, Scully is a knowing initiate, habitually unrepentant. His misdemeanours are trivial. They amount to no more than repartee and an eye kept trained on the main chance. But to the police, caretakers, teachers and all other shapes of authority he is a nuisance and a potential menace.

The character is familiar: Wil. Nam Brown without the certainty of a career in accountancy or insurance; the Plus shades of Arthur, Radio, Holden Caulfield and, in his sharpest moments, Lucky Jim Dixon. Scully is already something of a celebrity. This is the second volume of his escapades and his author-memoir Alan Bleasdale also presents him in *The Franny Scully* generation. This saddles him with a caricature responsibility. He has to ring true and at the same time win through. The monster must be lovable.

In the present set of events, Scully invades a tower block, runs

up against the police several times, goes to a midweek hippy-style party, plays football. On each occasion he is humiliated but unbowed. For he can see through the adult pretences. His headmaster is, of course, a phoney. So are the woodwork teacher and games master. Their place about the reflection of Alan Bleasdale is "one too clearly a former teacher. All or two good guys are inserted to preserve balance; thus the Bash Street teachers are offset by Steve."

Could have played P.E. England if his leg hadn't fell off, and he'd never dream of telling anyone, but that's it, isn't it? Teachers like Steve, who've done something really smart and hardly crack on about it at all, they're so few and far between I've never met any others.

Scully forms an attachment to a girl, and her mother, who is a nurse, and her brother, an ace in goal, and an instinctively smart dresser. The Plus shades of Arthur, Radio, Holden Caulfield and, in his sharpest moments, Lucky Jim Dixon. Scully is already something of a celebrity. This is the second volume of his escapades and his author-memoir Alan Bleasdale also presents him in *The Franny Scully* generation. This saddles him with a caricature responsibility. He has to ring true and at the same time win through. The monster must be lovable.

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## Wrong foot forward

By D. J. Enright

YASUNARI KAWABATA: The Lake Translated by Reiko Tsukimura 160pp. Peter Owen. £3.95.

The story of *The Lake*, though not easily detected, is soon told. Gimpel, who has ugly feet, has been following a girl (a tendency of his, or of his feet), and deliberately or accidentally the girl has thrown her weight at him. We get to see that the considerable sum of money in the handbag was given to the girl, Miyako, by an old man who likes to be mothered. Gimpel thinks about Miyako, a schoolgirl over whom he lost his job as a teacher. He sees another young girl, who unbeknown is the sweetheart of a friend of Miyako's young brother. There is nothing doing there—not that Gimpel seems to want to do anything, exactly—and he is picked up by an ugly slut who throws

him into his withdrawn lifestyle. In the end, however, Mary marries the handsome Father Ramsey; Rodney's mother remarries at sixty-nine ("we have the seventies before us, and perhaps even the eighties"), and Rodney admits to having taken Jane's friend Prudence out to dinner "once or twice", where Wilmet is left not only with the discovery that Piers is homosexual but with the acquaintance of his leechlike boyfriend Keith, who fingers the curtains in her lovely home to see if they are lined, and assures her that Piers does not really think she is "unlovable" (something he implied at their last unfortunate meeting). Clearly she will never get rid of Keith (this is confirmed in *No Pond Return of Love*, 1961), nor will she leave her half-realizing that she must be earned rather than idly pursued.

## The writer writ large

By Roger Garfitt

STUART EVANS: The Caves of Alienation 411pp. Hutchinson. £4.95.

It seems that writers, in the teeth of their own experience, still harbour romantic notions of what it is to be a writer. Witness the Writers as presented in fiction: the one gothic figure still countenanced in serious literature, he is invariably an enigma, a haunted solitary wrestling with profound intimations, yet prey to a fatal passion, doomed to end in death and despair. The Writer, in other words, is a failed writer, altogether more glamorous than the genuine article.

Michael Caradock, the imagined writer on whom Stuart Evans has based his third novel, *The Caves of Alienation*, is very much in this mould. Mr Evans makes triply sure of his isolation, having him first orphaned, then persecuted by boys who were rough," then bereft in his first attack, with an older woman whose shade he eludes through subsequent affairs.

Thus suitably haunted, Caradock is sent up to Oxford, put through National Service in the Navy, and deposited in London as a freelance broadcaster, by Drapacourt's of contemporary culture as observed in London. He returns to his native Wales, to live in a house on a tidal islet, ponder the times and write his major works. Gradually the shape of his own work also, he seeks distraction in an ill-advised

stones at him. He limps back to his rented room.

There was some surprise among Japanese intellectuals at the award of the Nobel Prize to Yasunari Kawabata in 1968, and it is possible that the prize had not gone to Junichiro Tanizaki, an otherwise more obvious Japanese candidate, because of the dubious flavour of several of his novels. *Diary of a Mad Old Man* and *The Key* are not works that could readily be held to show the idealistic tendency desiderated by the Founder. If there was nothing by Kawabata as powerful as Tanizaki's *Some Prefer Notties* and *The Makioka Sisters*, Kawabata's arcane, sensitive, allusive and remote novels were not, as far as a foreigner could tell, in the least way scandalous. But that was before the Englishing of his *House of the Sleeping Beauties*.

The anonymous establishment is one where, for a price, elderly gentlemen can sleep alongside druged naked girls, as long as they promise to do nothing "in bad taste." Yukio Mishima, a protégé of Kawabata, likened this novel to "a submarine in which people are

trapped and the air is gradually disappearing"; it is interesting to note that he meant this rather apt description for the work, not *House of the Sleeping Beauties* has its peculiar weirdness, even pathos, and the benefit of a civilized articulation elderly gentleman as a guide, even though the net profit to the student of human nature would appear to be out of all proportion to the large comicality of the postulatory apparatus.

*The Lake* (1954), in this version at all events, is a pallid production, and admirers of the earlier *Snow Country*, presumably the book which (together with Kawabata's good works in the literary world) did most to attract the Nobel Prize, will do well to discount it. It has all or nearly all the weaknesses of modern Japanese fiction and, apart from the account of a "crazy" catching party, none of its strengths. Gimpel and his ugly feet could have come from an ungifted beginner's effort at science fiction. Emotions (though the word is too emphatic) float in a vacuum, actions lack motivation, characters lack

character, and we are asked to identify with a figure even more boring than unlikable—no, that is unfair, we are asked nothing. The novel gives off a musty generalized air of ugliness, misery and hopelessness. No one can be blamed for anything, praised for anything, or pitied for anything. This is the famous Japanese "sadness" at its most autonomous, its most casually uncausal.

But *The Lake* serves to make us think again about Japanese fiction, or what we have seen of it, and perhaps to bring some more general forebodings to mind. Japanese fiction is itself a curious story. The Tale of Genji, the first Japanese novel, written at the beginning of the eleventh century, is still the best. Thereafter, with a few didactic exceptions, fiction was looked down on for hundreds of years. The fiction of the early nineteenth century Ivan Morrie has been described as "largely of banal stories of sentimentalism and a return to ancient virtues. Both Kawabata and Mishima ended their own lives.

A common explanation of the "extremism" of post-war writing has been that it derived from and mirrored the breakdown of indigenous values consequent on the defeat and occupation of the country and the forced entry of foreign ways. Since quite recent novels by a younger generation of Japanese writers pursue the same trend it must be supposed that this traumatic collapse and subsequent "alienation" continue to take their toll—though one observes that the non-writing generation have found themselves capable of adapting to circumstances: manifestly they have not spent the years crying over spilt culture. But then, writers are often whiners, and as likely to get stuck at the dying-point of the race's consciousness as to stand at its growing-point. It looks as if the Japanese, though they came relatively late to the world's downhill path, have managed to get to the end of the road just a little ahead of the rest of us. Where will they go next?

Further, the harsh censorship which preceded and accompanied the Pacific War was superseded by an equally drastic licence: in the sacred name of freedom newly found or imposed, there followed a literary free-for-all in sexual matters, commercial pornography, nihilism, obsessive introspection and despair—blank or fancy. The sweeter waters continued to run into verse, for a while at any rate, and discursive prose, the cess into fiction. To say that in Japan the "art novel" never quite managed to remove itself from the craft of

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## COGNITIVE DEVELOPMENT

Its Cultural & Social Foundations

A R Luria

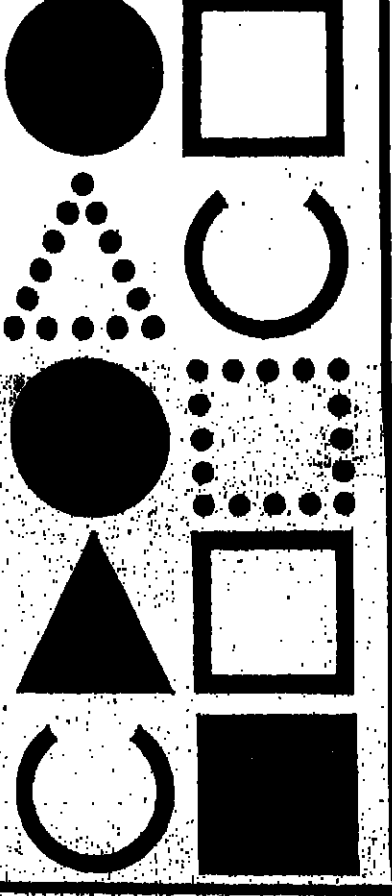
A R Luria is one of the most influential psychologists of the 20th century, recognized for his pioneering work on the development of language and thought, mental retardation, the cortical organization of higher mental processes; in this book he also makes a major contribution to the understanding of cultural differences in thinking. He is Professor of Psychology at Moscow University.

In the early 1930s Luria and a group of Russian psychologists wanted to extend the study of the impact of the socialist revolution on an ancient Islamic cotton-growing culture. They studied perception, abstraction, reasoning and imagination among several remote groups of Uzbeks and Kirghiz and found that people whose lives are dominated by concrete, practical activities have a different method of thinking from people whose lives require abstract, verbal and theoretical approaches to reality. Michael Cole in his Foreword says, "Luria is simply a brilliant craftsman in his use of the clinical method to explore the reasoning processes that his subjects bring to bear on the problems he poses." His carefully guided probing, his use of the hypothetical opponent, the inclusion of several people whose arguments among themselves become his data, have no parallel in the psychological investigation of our century."

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# The analogies of Nature

By Robert Wokler

ANTONIO VERRI:  
Lord Monboddo  
Dalla metafisica all'antropologia  
169pp. Ravenna: Longo. L.3,800.

Lord Monboddo was perhaps best known to his eighteenth-century English and Scottish readers for his claim that men are often born with tails. "Other people have strange notions, but they conceal them," Dr Johnson remarked some months after the first printing of *Monboddo's Origin and Progress of Language* in 1773, and to these like this the author retorted only that he had legal proof of the existence of such men, among whom he numbered one poor teacher of mathematics who had a tail half a foot long, which he had managed to keep under cover throughout his life, though the secret had been let out when he died. Monboddo's further contention that orang-utans are actually members of the human race was widely ridiculed as well, both by his immediate contemporaries and by several writers of the next couple of generations, such as Peacock, so that since the early nineteenth century his standing as a serious thinker has in effect never really recovered from the taunts of his commentators with regard to these two points.

Of course Monboddo wrote about much more than just tails and orang-utans, even if his detractors generally took scant notice of his other interests. His writings incorporate one of the most important eighteenth-century critiques of the epistemologies of such readers for as well as of the metaphysics of Newton. He stood with Harris and Beattie among the pre-eminent British philosophers of language in that period, and in his lifetime, moreover, he had no equal as an opponent of the epistemology of Descartes or the epic poetry of Milton. Though he was not the only judge at the Court of Session in Edinburgh to write a well-known history of mankind, his work on this subject was far more substantial in both length and weight than were the *Sketches* of his colleague and rival, Lord Kames, and he was, in any case, one of the two or three most learned scholars during the whole of the Scottish Enlightenment. Most of these achievements were forgotten or ignored by his reviewers, whereas the constant references to the humanity of orang-utans and to men with tails—Sir Adolphus Oughton once described him as simply a Judge a posteriori—served only to tarnish his reputation.

There have been other reasons, too, which account for the neglect of his writings by students of eighteenth-century thought. His two major works, *The Origin and Progress of Language* and *Antient Metaphysics*, are each six massive volumes long, and they are heavily annotated with Greek and Latin references, and with Roman law, real and fictitious travellers' reports, citations from ancient and modern zoological commentaries, anthropological studies, linguistic illustrations from Huxon and Algonquin vocabularies, and much else besides. In short, a proper treatment of his thought requires more extensive research and greater expertise in a wider variety of fields and languages than his standing as a serious thinker has appeared to justify, and scholars have been deterred from plunging into such murky waters. When it seemed that there might be so little of proposed substance to reward their pains, it is small wonder, then, that we do not see his name cited as often as it should be. The only modern version available—apart from reprints of the original—is a selection of chapters from the *Origin and Progress of Language* translated into Italian a few years ago by Lin (unpublished). And, while there have been occasional interpretations of some discussion, particularly in the 1930s by Lovejoy and Finkelstein, and more recently by Sherwin, Aarsleff, Tindal, and Land, and while we may also learn much about the details of his thought from the biography by B. L. Clough published in 1972, until now no full-length study of his thought has ever appeared in print.

The Lord Monboddo's *Origin and Progress of Language* and *Antient Metaphysics* are

has therefore set the standard for future research, and with regard to the metaphysics, the linguistics, and the anthropology he has set that standard in an admirably high level. His work forms the best available analysis of Monboddo's thought not merely because there are no other real contenders at all, but more because it is, for the most part, well informed and carefully constructed, at once clear and exact in substance and elegant in presentation. Professor Verrill treats the central themes of Monboddo's writings in these areas with confidence and precision. He comments in full measure upon Monboddo's view that our ideas are not fundamentally sense impressions in the manner supposed by Locke, Berkeley, and Hume, but rather intellectual constructions which give form to our aims and purposes instead of just reflecting our instinctual nature. He explains Monboddo's thesis that language must have been invented by men in order to articulate their ideas and so can only be understood in terms of an institution which is fabricated and not that it is acquired rather than as an essential attribute of human nature. He elucidates Monboddo's postulate that the evidence of our use of words is no truly defining characteristic of our species, and he shows how Monboddo drew from this claim a correlative proposition that mute orang-utans (in effect, the great apes generally) which otherwise resemble men in their bodies, behaviour, and sagacity cannot be regarded as sub-human just because they are untutored in the art of speaking.

Professor Verrill also considers the different ways in which Monboddo supposed that man must be set apart from animals in the light of his native capacities rather than his civilized achievements, while at the same time contending that the extent of our linguistic development formed the best available account of the historical progress of the human mind. And he traces the meaning of this last point in particular through Monboddo's distinctions between the formal and material properties of speech, as well as through his comparative study of the virtues and defects of Greek, Latin, English, and other modern European languages.

Above all, he shows convincingly that while the *Origin and Progress of Language* drew its inspiration largely from Monboddo's attempt to discredit a linguistic theory which he associated with modern epistemology, his *Antient Metaphysics* in turn was conceived substantially as a critique of the philosophical implications of modern science. For, according to Professor Verrill, Monboddo invoked the principles of ancient metaphysics to challenge the contemporary system of ideas that divorced philosophy from faith and reduced the forces of divine agency to physical impulses alone. Less persuasively perhaps—though here the obscurities lie more in their original formulations than in Professor Verrill's restatements—he tries to show how Monboddo's account of the perfectibility of man as witnessed by the history of language was in fact grounded upon an Aristotelian metaphysics according to which our nature was more clearly evident in our potential than in our actual existence, as well as in a kind of Christian Platonism which prescribed that the source of our ideas was not sensations but the Divine Intellect. In this sense, Monboddo's metaphysics is a kind of "divine science," as Professor Verrill concludes. Monboddo joined his metaphysics to his anthropology in a fashion designed to undermine the secular philosophies of Locke, Berkeley, and Hume, as well as the atheistic consequences that stemmed from the materialist science of Newton.

If Monboddo's metaphysics were drawn largely from his reading of Plato and Aristotle, his anthropology was derived principally from Rousseau. Monboddo praised Rousseau, especially his *Origin and Progress of Language*, noting his belief that his ideas "agree so perfectly with the notions of an author of so much genius." In fact, as Professor Verrill records, the agreement between Monboddo's and Rousseau's views on language and on the human mind is so close that Monboddo's ideas, as well as those of Rousseau, are

been identical with the growth of moral corruption, and he explicitly attacked Rousseau's contention that the formation of language was as much a prerequisite for the establishment of society as was society for the invention of language. Monboddo's intellectual debt to Rousseau, nevertheless, was certainly extensive, and Professor Verrill pays due regard to the sense in which his account of the social origins of language, his definition of man's essence in terms of a faculty of perfectibility rather than a faculty of speech, and his remarks about the humanity of orang-utans were all inspired by Rousseau's *Discours sur l'Inégalité*.

Professor Verrill offers some useful insights, too, into Monboddo's views about the biological status of other creatures whose humanity had been challenged in the Enlightenment—creatures such as Peter, the savage from the Hanoverian forest, and the wild piglet *canpanica* of Sogny (whom Monboddo claimed to have met)—and he comments upon some striking parallels between the philosophies of language and history of Monboddo and Vico and upon the debt which was owed and the tribute paid to Monboddo's ideas (again, except about orang-utans) by Herder. Though Professor Verrill's main concern is with the meaning of Monboddo's thought rather than its influence, his readers should be particularly grateful for his occasional remarks about the reception of Monboddo's ideas in Italy and Germany, as well as for the first translation into any other language, so far as I know, of Herder's preface to the German edition of the *Origin and Progress of Language*.

The work contains a number of blemishes, however, which detract from these virtues. For one thing it is full of misprints and imprecise or incorrect references. In the case of the *Origin and Progress of Language* it is particularly important that the two editions of this last volume be distinguished, since Monboddo revised his last, substantially, in 1774, adding for instance two new chapters on the humanity of orang-utans in which, for the first time in the text, he opposed the views of Rousseau to those of Buffon on this point, and in which,

## Polishing up Edinburgh

By Malcolm Jack

ANAND CHITNIS:  
The Scottish Enlightenment  
279pp. Croom Helm. £5.50.

Anand Chitnis is a modest man pursuing an immodest object; for he hopes to enlighten his readers about a "philosophical movement" (in this case, an eighteenth-century movement) merely by describing its historical setting. It is perhaps unfair to castigate historians for not being philosophers but when, like Dr Chitnis, they are treating of the history of philosophy, they do have the place of philosophy in their own work to consider, to wit, ideas. Thus Dr Chitnis allots only one chapter of twenty-seven pages in a book ten times that length, to actually discussing the ideas of the philosophers about whom he writes. In the rest of his work, he pursues the difficult task of considering what kinds of questions these men were asking and with what degree of success they provided answers to them, in order to concentrate on the circumstances in which they pursued their intellectual interests.

But let us be fair: Dr Chitnis admits in his book *The Scottish Enlightenment* that his purpose is to examine the social institutions of eighteenth-century Scotland, which he sees as providing the cultural, and in some cases the pecuniary, support for the intellectual life of the time. He also cites the limited professional opportunities for educated Scots (compared with their English counterparts) and the profitable diversion of their energies into speculation which this lack of opportunity created. He does not, however, discuss the role of the legal profession and the



CONTEMPLATION.  
A satirical portrait of Lord Monboddo by John Kay.  
On the wall a picture of men (with tails) dancing in a ring.

again for the first time, he referred to the most important of all Enlightenment studies of the great apes, that is, Tyson's *Orang-Outang* of 1699. It is clear from some of Monboddo's letters now in the National Library of Scotland that he had been unfamiliar with the work of Tyson when he drafted the first edition of his book and that he had then been equally unaware that his own account of orang-utans was diametrically opposed to that of Buffon. Hence it is only in the second edition of the *Origin and Progress of Language* that Buffon came to join the gallery of contemporary philosophers and scientists whose writings were scorned by Monboddo, and for this reason it is most important that the two editions be distinguished. So far as I

can tell Professor Verrill's references pertain only to the second edition, though even the fact of its existence is never acknowledged by him. One might also quibble about a few of Professor Verrill's justifications of ideas, particularly the suggestion that Rousseau's metaphorical and idealized version of the state of nature was superseded by Monboddo's ethnological empiricism. The least satisfactory features of his work, however, centre around his views on the general significance of Monboddo's contributions to anthropology. First, Professor Verrill makes a bold attempt to establish some connection between Monboddo's speculations about the capacity of orang-utans to learn to speak, on the one

hand, and current efforts to teach mainly non-verbal languages to Washoe, Sarah, and many more, on the other. But that the latter claim seems rather pointless, largely because different conceptions of the nature of a language are at issue. Monboddo was convinced that orang-utans already displayed signs of rational conduct in their mode of life and behaviour, and that if they underwent the appropriate training they might be taught not only to manipulate symbols or even to utter intelligible words, but actually to master the human art of speaking. It may be the case that he anticipated the findings of modern primatologists in his comments about the sagacity of orang-utans, even if he had some rather odd notions about the characteristic signs of orang-utan reason (among which he included such facts as that males were more intelligent than females were modest, and that members of older sex could often play the hump with grace). For my part I think that his remarks about the linguistic incompetence of orang-utans may have greater bearing upon recent speculation about the origins of human gestural and verbal languages than upon our present grasp of the behaviour of apes and monkeys, and current research with non-human primates does not at all begin to corroborate his expectations about their real capacities.

Second, Professor Verrill devotes several pages of his work to a treatment of Monboddo's putative idea of evolution as it has been interpreted by nearly all the twentieth-century commentators on this subject, and he concludes that Monboddo cannot really be regarded as an Enlightenment precursor of Darwin, partly because his metaphysical allowed for purely material causes of human development, and partly because his conception of the scale of nature was a taxonomic scheme for the identification of species rather than a genetic theory about the transformation of one species into another. Constructed in this way, however, the problem seems little more than a red herring, since Charles Darwin himself never referred to Monboddo, and though Erasmus Darwin appears to have been familiar with his work, there is no the slightest evidence that Monboddo's ideas occupy any place at all in the immediate or relevant history of Darwinism, even leaving aside the study of his ideas, and some excellent interpretations of their meaning. Only a few parts of the field have been reopened, however, and even in those parts only a few channels have been mapped. We have long an original and significant contribution to the study of eighteenth-century anthropology, but Professor Verrill's indispensable first survey should now be followed by more detailed excavations.

The true significance of Monboddo's thought can be much better established, in my view, in the context of the linguistic and anthropological of his own day. With regard to linguistics, his etymological reflections, particularly about Greek and Sanskrit roots, antedate the studies on the same subject of

his friend and correspondent, Sir William Jones, whose own conception of historical linguistics is now well known. But that the latter claim seems rather pointless, largely because different conceptions of the nature of a language are at issue. Monboddo was convinced that orang-utans already displayed signs of rational conduct in their mode of life and behaviour, and that if they underwent the appropriate training they might be taught not only to manipulate symbols or even to utter intelligible words, but actually to master the human art of speaking. It may be the case that he anticipated the findings of modern primatologists in his comments about the sagacity of orang-utans, even if he had some rather odd notions about the characteristic signs of orang-utan reason (among which he included such facts as that males were more intelligent than females were modest, and that members of older sex could often play the hump with grace). For my part I think that his remarks about the linguistic incompetence of orang-utans may have greater bearing upon recent speculation about the origins of human gestural and verbal languages than upon our present grasp of the behaviour of apes and monkeys, and current research with non-human primates does not at all begin to corroborate his expectations about their real capacities.

With regard to anthropology, Monboddo's observations about the humanity of orang-utans also mark a milestone which has until now been almost totally overlooked (outside a few passages in Tindal's *Antient Metaphysics*). For the attack made by Monboddo against the prevailing Enlightenment theory of the sub-humanity of orang-utans undermined a central Cartesian doctrine first advanced by Claude Perrault and later endorsed by Tyson, Buffon, and many others—to the effect that these creatures possessed material organs of speech which were superfluous since God had not endowed them with the spiritual faculties required to animate their organs. Monboddo's critics—Camper, for instance, and Blumenbach—eventually won the day, and they found other, mainly anatomical and physiological, reasons for relegating the orang-utans to the great apes generally to a biological status which was inferior to that of man. But the thesis challenged by Monboddo (principally on the evidence that it was contrary to the whole analogy of Nature for God to have given to the same bodies and organs as other animals and yet not to members of the same species) was never seriously rehabilitated, and the grounds upon which the sub-humanity of apes came to be argued and then fixed after Monboddo helped to lay the foundation of the science of physical anthropology and to turn the attention of researchers to an apparently more important set of distinctions within the human species—in essence, to the study of races.

Dr Johnson once observed that while he "should have thought it not possible to find a Monboddo, yet he exists." Professor Verrill has offered some pertinent reasons for this, and his study of his ideas, and some excellent interpretations of their meaning. Only a few parts of the field have been reopened, however, and even in those parts only a few channels have been mapped. We have long an original and significant contribution to the study of eighteenth-century anthropology, but Professor Verrill's indispensable first survey should now be followed by more detailed excavations.

## Nought but shows

By A. C. Cawley

A. M. NAGLER:  
The Medieval Religious Stage  
Shapes and Phantoms  
108pp. Yale University Press. £9.

A. M. Nagler is well known for his work on the sources of theatre history, on the plan for the Villiger Passion Play at an Shakespeare's stage. His present book, based on thirty years of teaching at Yale University, is an exercise in theatre history, primarily concerned with "reconstructing the history of performance of religious plays in medieval Europe."

He gleams facts about the staging of these plays from various kinds of primary source material: texts with rubrics, archival references to plays no longer extant, texts for which stage plans exist, play manuscripts illustrated by miniatures, and Fouquier's "documentary theatrical picture" of the last play of *The Martyrdom of Saint Apollonia*. As a rule he discovers fewer shapes than phantoms: the single exception is the 1583 production of the Lucerne Passion play, where the survival of the text and of Cysat's memoranda and stage plans provides the theatre historian with "an optimum situation."

The author describes his book as "partly a research report and partly a study of the art of the treatment of the extant material." He is the *meneur de jeu* supervising a sort of scholarly striptease: he removes the gauzy coverings of the Scottish theatre.

hypothesis one by one, until at last the sober truth is revealed—*ignoramus*. Sometimes the author himself may be thought to confuse fancy with fact, as for example when he suggests that the thesis that the N-town plays were performed by the Franciscans at Coventry.

The *Medieval Religious Stage* will be useful to the specialist student, who will find in it valuable information about German religious plays, as well as judicious surveys of the professional/studiorary, pictorial art/theatre controversies ("we may not trace the Bayeux Tapestry back to a lost play depicting the Norman Conquest"). But the general reader is less well served: he is expected to know the meanings of technical terms (*platea*, *mansion*, *locus* and the rest), to share the author's distaste for chronology, and to accept his "arbitrary and fragmentary" choice of problems for discussion. In particular, from the point of view of the uninitiated reader, what might well have been the climax of the book—a study of the Lucerne Passion Play—is missing.

The illustrations include not only the familiar ones, such as the Lucerne Passion play, but also the less familiar, such as the Villiger Passion play for the Bozen Passion and an unknown artist's impressions of *La Vengeance de Notre Seigneur*, performed at Reims in 1551.

This is a salutary book for the young scholar, but it is hard to read for those who confound impressionism with scholarship. For who is not guilty of doing this at some time or other?

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# Synecdoches of the subconscious

By David Lehman

## HAROLD BLOOM:

Figures of Capable Imagination  
273pp. New York: The Seabury Press, \$11.95.

Among practitioners of the arts of poetry and criticism, the extent of Harold Bloom's influence—and there can exist no term more apposite for Professor Bloom than "influence"—may, by a curious and revealing process, be calculated in part by the amount of opposition and controversy he cheerfully arouses. An admirer of the dialectics of evidence that Bloom has developed might apply to the voice of dissent, especially if it come from the ranks of the poets Bloom is writing about, a psychoanalytic translation of that old academic warfare, the intentional fallacy. According to this ingenious strategy, writers would be seen not only as usually unreliable discussants of their work but as always misleading, the more intensely so the "stronger" the poet. If Bloom sometimes seems maddeningly irrefutable, it is because he has, by the very terms of his discourse, made adequate preparation to turn the tables on any of his critics. It would not be incorrect, merely insufficient, to say that Bloom's posture admits of no contradiction; actually, as in psychoanalysis, it is a contradiction, such as the loud objections currently in the air, can be welcomed with open arms as confirmations of the diagnosis.

Not the least of the attractions of Bloom's system is this internal logic of self-justification, this ability to swallow and digest the poisonous with the wholesome. Whatever its merits as a reading strategy, Bloom's system works brilliantly on its own terms—or, as he himself would say, as a "trope." (One delights in imagining a rival critic, equally eager to construct a coherent structure out of mythology or himself, similarly endowed with magnificent learning, only partial rather to Eliot than to Stevens, who would, by praising, diminish Bloom's lifework as a successful "concept." No doubt the imagining itself would undo Bloom as a pretty proof of the pre-eminence of his mental constructs.)

First and foremost, then, Bloom is a successful critic precisely to the extent that he is a poet, lives, talked-about issue and that his own terms have dominated much of the critical world. The school of common sense will have nothing to do with him. [Harold Bloom once had an idea, the judicious Christopher Ricks has observed; "now the idea has him." It is surely tempting to regard Bloom as one would a complex, efficient, and data besides his opposition to the Vietnam War, what had Eugene McCarthy to offer in 1968? But like the Vietnam War, the issue that has flowered in Bloom is of an extraordinary complexity, so much so that the insights that have fallen on, like so many petals in an accidental wind, are of a surprisingly various character.]

Figures of Capable Imagination gathers together the occasional essays in appreciation, introductions to books, magazine articles and the like, written by Bloom during the period in which he composed his quartet of theoretical studies in poetic "misreading." As a work of practical criticism, *Figures* would seem to provide an excellent text for determining whether the "strong" Bloom, by which the critical world is ruled, is a product of the literary mind and the texts that stand for it as it does of the clinically considered human personality. The leap from mind in the abstract to specific texts Bloom makes with ease; states all art operates by synecdoche, the text being the expressive part that gestures to the whole of the mind, the "Figures" of this title may properly be taken to refer both to writers and to the "strong" figures by which they reveal (and conceal) themselves to (and from) us.

So far so good. Yet it is a peculiarity of this book that the more powerful readings occur in spite of the contradictions of the system and that the language surrounding

of the system has terribly little to do with the reading of an actual text. Nowhere is Bloom more confessedly, but no less tiresomely, solipsistic than where he asks us to see the repressed Russian emperor triumphant in the last paragraph of Walter Pater's essay on "Style" or to regard "Lycidas" as the youthful progenitor of the "Immortality Ode," which then beget "Adonais" and the "Ode to the West Wind," which in turn beget all of Thomas Hardy and much of Wallace Stevens.

No, the importance of Bloom lies elsewhere—in, for example, the timely championing of the contemporary poets John Ashberry and A. R. Ammons, in support of whom the grand scholastic authority of the Yale University English department was invoked, at that sensitive point in their lives known as mid-career when such support is indispensable. This was a masterful stroke on Bloom's part, a singularly shrewd judgment all the more persuasive when one considers that scholarly disability from grasping the present is notorious (and might even be lamely excused by an over-zealous exponent of Bloom's belief in the necessary "belatedness" of all literary activity since the High Romantic era). And although the Anglo-American prejudice against ideology (on the grounds that it is all too often a rationalization of a neurosis or for an unexamined assumption) is doubtless justified in the main, still the very by-products of Bloom's ideology serve to make us more tolerant of his excesses.

The resurrection of the fallen study rhetoric; the superlatively clever identification of tropes with defence mechanisms (the hyperbole of repression, the metaphor of sublimation); the Freudian "misreading" of Eliot's "Tradition and the Individual Talent"—it may not help us to hypothesize that the spectre of Milton retained his heavyweight crown in the ring with the living Wordsworth, but it is unquestionable that Bloom exists unashamedly in the shadow of Sigmund Freud; finally, the synthesizing of such excitingly eclectic sources as the Kabbalah, French structuralism, the great body of English literature, and Freud: that these efforts be undertaken in itself cause for celebration, and the products thereof cannot but be preferable to the verbiage of academics so fearful of saying something banal.

## Logician of the dream

By John Mole

LOUIS SIMPSON:  
Searching for the Ox  
79pp. Oxford University Press.  
Paperback, £1.95.

Louis Simpson published his last collection of poems, *Adventures of the Letter I*, in 1971. In the same year, *The Review* (Issue 25) printed his "Opinion" which, among other things, made a clear distinction between the "forced juxtapositions" of pseudo-surrealism and the writing of the better surrealists where the image "rises out of the unconscious." "Poetic images," he wrote, "are not picked up in the street or from a comment on the news; they are obtained from a textbook of psychoanalysis. The poet must discover the logic of the dream." *Adventures of the Letter I*, and now *Searching for the Ox* (the last section of which is called "Further Adventures of the Letter I"), thus pointing to an intended continuity, have made it very clear that the logic of the dream is what Mr Simpson is bent on discovering and that he was, to large extent, addressing himself to what he arrived at these conclusions:

English and American poets come from a civilization so powerfully dedicated to triumphs of the conscious will that it requires an extraordinary effort to date a poem, to turn it overnight into Tibetan monks or Navaho Indians or Spanish surrealist poets; even if we wished to. But we can bear in mind our tendency to make remarks instead of creating poems.

barous that they say nothing at all in so many words.

It would be unfortunate if the reader of this piece be left with an impression of Bloom as but a jolly old eccentric, a nostalgic Talmudist awash in a sea of literary quarterlies; on the contrary, Bloom needs to be argued with, by the analysis of writing as much as by our conveniently forgotten humanists.

That the author of *The Visionary Company* is better on Walter Pater than on John Ashberry can hardly astonish, and to a large extent the reviewer would content himself with the mere fact of Bloom's good taste, were there not something almost pernicious in isolating Ashberry, as Bloom does, from all the influences implicit in his work as inspirations rather than inhibitions—from the French symbolists, New York painters, certain esoteric literary stylists, the early Auden, and Ashberry's unjustly neglected collaborator, Kenneth Koch and the late Frank O'Hara. (Given Bloom's interest in curiosities of etymology, it may not be entirely impertinent to mention here that Freud means "joy" in German.) To see Ashberry as, simply, the most legitimate of the sons of Stevens is reductive enough; further to wonder whether any modern American poet can be an "un-Emersonian" irritates but is saved by a self-caricaturing element from being too serious. But to insist that Ashberry's work describes the parabolic arc of Bloom's obsession is to argue foolishly for the interchangeability of great art.

Meditating on the establishment in America of "the imperial self" that would obliterate the world of changes and differences, what would Quentin Anderson make of a critic who twists the evidence, certain that it is in some "transcendental" sense irrelevant, to fit a subjective thesis that makes a virtue of such falsification? An example: "After so many leavings out," Bloom writes of the conclusion of Ashberry's remarkable long poem, "The Skaters," "the nature of particulars are seen as being wonderfully sufficient:

The apples are all getting tinted in the cool light of autumn.

The constellations are rising in perfect order: Taurus, Leo, Gemini.

Interestingly, it had been only a few years earlier that Robert Lowell had written whose best poems could be called triumphs of the conscious will, announced in an afterword to the first edition of *Notebook* that although he leaned heavily to the rational he was determined to survive "survivalism" and to avoid the "survivalist" clinical hallucination, or worse into rhetorical machinery, yet it is a natural way to write our fictions." Leaving aside the question of what has happened to Mr Lowell's poetry since he became publicly conscious of the "natural way," it does seem worth noticing that among others two widely different American poets who can in the true sense of the word be seen as intellectual have recently adopted surrealist terminology as the rationale of their work and "the better" surrealist methods to give an impetus to further development. "The twigs assume to quiver with intellect," Mr Simpson writes in the title poem of his new collection, making the kind of synecdoche which characterizes his current method, and which teases with a lurking significance emphasized by that cautious "seems to." The rational mind asks "What does this mean?" The poet answers that it is an image of consciousness, a transcending of the mind into Mind. Not a remark, but an element of creation. The Tibetan monks should approve.

*Searching for the Ox* is an extremely readable book. Fired by a Poundian approach reminiscent of *Mozart's Contemporaries* ("the imagination and juxtaposition of particular specimens"), some of the poems which concentrate on people are particularly good and, throughout, Mr Simpson comes across as a most stylish writer. Simple, observant, sentences all



"Life is a movie. Death is a photograph": Susan Sontag quotes from her own novel *The Benefactor* in her introduction to *Portraits in Life and Death* (Gordon Fraser, £9.95, paperback £5.95), a selection of forty photographs taken by Peter Hujar. The photographs, laid out one to a page, consist of twenty-nine portraits of life—"creative people" ranging from the poet John Ashberry (above) to TC, the exotic dancer and eleven portraits of death—the semi-preserving bodies of nineteenth-century Sicilians from the catacombs at Palermo. The text on the book's cover claims that there is no necessary connection between the two parts of the collection, but Susan Sontag suggests that the Palermo photographs "complete" and "comment on" the portraits of life. Peter Hujar optimistically dedicates his collection "to everyone in it."

But of course this "perfect order" is actually a violation of the Zodiac, as any amateur geologist knows. Far from indicating the satisfaction in "natural particulars" that Bloom would like to find, the end of Ashberry's poem, seen as in itself it really is, presents a characteristically calm and opaque surface, an ironic because arbitrary reconciliation of contradictory impulses.

Wishing to "destroy the false distinction between reading and writing," Bloom fascinates and outrages with his boldness and nuance, and one is moved to protest not because of the annoying but valuable jargon ("metaleptic reversal or transposition . . . is . . . technically the metonymy of a

metonymy") but because of the insidious professional instinct to substitute for primal poetry the prose of abstruse secondariness. To appropriate from Bloom's system, what this amounts to is a reaction formation occasioned by a missed poetic ambition: it is what is potentially dangerous and counter-productive in recent critical trends, backed as they are with the powerful resources of the academy. A metaphysician struggling to stay comfortable in the top snug gear of the literary critic, Harold Bloom would by no means endanger his already significant and substantial achievements if, in the name of the impatient future, he cast a kindly but "revelatory" gaze at the theories he expostulates now with such gusto and, yes, strength.

"Logic of the dream," and—like Robert Lowell—Mr Simpson does not seemaverse to offering the same poem twice as an indication of the way his mind is working.

My other reservation about this collection also arises from its method. Several sharply observed poems, in their conclusions, towards an effect of lurid mystery. Mr Simpson has himself wittily criticized certain poets' "attempts to be deep by putting 'Oh' at the start of a poem and an exclamation mark at the end of it," and saying that suddenly there is within them a sea of salt with no tides," and he is never guilty of perpetrating anything as synthetic as that, but there does seem something rather too easy about the way in which poems such as "The Hour of Feeling," "Cliff Road," "Happiness" and others rely on a sudden shift from precise, physical detail to a vague mysticism of silence, lights on the opposite shore, "genial ambiguous sounds from the distance, and the beyond. There is the uncomfortable sense of being in the presence of someone who is confident that poetic effect can be achieved by showing oneself to have come to the edge of consciousness and sat down to listen to the vibrations—I can see over to Brooklyn and Jersey, and beyond these the Navajo Indians?

Louis Simpson is a careful, deliberate poet who is determined to appear spontaneous and *Searching for the Ox* is an example of considerable effort presenting itself as effortless. The best poems are very attractive; their gentle, very being invited to observe the procedure of a poet who knows he is discovering that all-important

## The Great Restorer

By C. V. Wedgwood

### MAURICE ASHLEY:

General Monck  
316pp. Cape, £6.95.

On May 29, 1660 Charles II entered London with bells ringing, fountains running wild and all the people cheering. John Evelyn stood in the Strand and blessed God because the King had come home again "with-out one drop of blood, and by that very army which rebelled against him, but was the Lord's doing . . . this happening when to expect it? It was past all human policy." The populace, less pious than Evelyn, attributed it largely to human policy by shouting "Hurrah for honest George Monck!"

Thanks to General Monck, the Restoration was achieved without fighting and, at the last, with deceptive ease. Forgetting the alarms and excursions, the anxiety and near anarchy of the preceding eighteen months, men were soon saying that anyone could have brought the King back: Monck was just lucky. This opinion was heightened by Monck's outward bearing. That impressive tactician, which had served him well in the critical time after Cromwell's death gave him in daily life, and especially at the lively court of Charles II, the appearance almost of stupidity. Pepsy thought he was a blockhead. Monck thought Pepsy was a crook: both were wrong.

Evelyn confided to his diary that his old school friend Herbert May, the Lieutenant of the Tower, could easily have got in ahead of Monck and won all the glory. Bishop Burnet wrote that Monck "only went into it dexterously enough to get much fame and great reward." Clarendon in his last bittered exile, wrote that Monck "was instrumental in bringing mighty things to pass which he had neither wisdom to foresee nor courage to attempt nor standing to continue," an opinion which Maurice Ashley, Monck's latest biographer, justly describes as "naïve and untrue." His impressive and authoritative work clearly shows that Monck had wisdom, courage and understanding in no diminutive degree to achieve what he did.

The King's return was not in itself surprising that it was achieved without bloodshed was little short of a miracle. After Cromwell's death the hatred of the civil population for the army, the conflicting ambitions of generals, extreme Republicans, Presbyterians and Cavaliers, not to mention the lunatic fringe of Fifth Monarchy Men—"apocalyptic thugs"—in Mr Ashley's phrase—threatened the breakdown of government, anarchy and civil war. The restoration of the King would in all probability have been the outcome, but after what interval of bloodshed who can say?

Monck, as military governor of Scotland, was at some distance from the centre of action and in command of a reliable army—reliable because he saw to the payment and general welfare of his men. He was commanded, wooed or menaced by each party in turn. But his judicious non-interference, followed by equally judicious intervention when the right time had come, ensured a bloodless restoration.

For a Cromwellian general his career was unorthodox. A younger son of a family of gentry long established in Devonshire, he had been a professional soldier from his youth, had taken part in unsuccessful expeditions to Cadix and La Rochelle and had fought in the Low Countries. When the Stuart began he was serving under Ormonde against the insurgents in Ireland. A year later he was among those chosen to go to help Charles in England but had scruples about taking the oath of loyalty to Charles and King.

Ormonde who thought him too good a soldier to lose, persuaded Charles to see him personally. His doubts were apparently dispelled by this interview, but his Royalist career came to an abrupt end when he was taken prisoner at Marston. Sent to the Tower, he steadfastly refused all offers made to him by Parliament and only agreed

to take up a new command in Ireland after the end of the first Civil War. He could thus truthfully claim that he had never fought against Charles I.

Thereafter, whatever his misgivings about political changes, he served the Commonwealth and Protectorate loyally by land and sea. He was with Cromwell as General of the Ordnance in Scotland, then transferred to the navy—a not uncommon arrangement at the time—where he played an outstanding part with Blake in the First Dutch War. At its conclusion he returned to Scotland as military governor.

Monck sincerely admired Cromwell but, on the evidence of his chaplain and earliest biographer Thomas Gumble he was perturbed by the overruling tyranny of the soldiers who made themselves a divided interest from the rest of the people. Yet he promised Cromwell to be loyal to his family after his death. Monck made no promises but he may have thought that the continuation of Cromwell's dynasty gave some guarantee of stable government. Richard Cromwell at least showed signs of trying to subject the army to the civil power, but his throne in doubt. In spite of his promise, Monck did nothing to help him, but then Richard gave up the fight too soon. As Monck himself said: "Richard forsook himself else had never failed my promise to be faithful to Cromwell's death gave him in daily life, and especially at the lively court of Charles II, the appearance almost of stupidity. Pepsy thought he was a blockhead. Monck thought Pepsy was a crook: both were wrong."

After Richard's fall there were, apart from the old Cavaliers, hatching their incompetent plots, at least three parties to be reckoned with: the army, the Rump of the Long Parliament whom the army had recalled (wrongly counting on their subservience), and the great body of the country, the loosely called Presbyterians. This group was already leaning towards the restoration of the monarchy and in the summer of 1659 were involved in

a widespread, ill-concerted conspiracy which was utterly defeated. Monck himself, distrusting alike the leaders of the army and the fanatics of the Rump, had almost agreed to support the rising when news of its defeat reached him in Scotland. It was a very narrow escape.

Mr Ashley sees this as the critical moment when he began to accept the King's return as the best hope for the restoration of a stable, orderly and acceptably legal government. But he went cautiously to work first averring his loyalty to the Rump, which was at least a kind of Parliament, against the army leaders now bent on seizing power. In strict secrecy he admitted that he meant only "to amuse the Parliament and the army" until the time should come to act. "Amuse" was the right word. He had no intention of fighting it if it could by any means be avoided.

General Lambert, the ablest of the army's leaders, marched north as far as Newcastle. This looked dangerous but Monck knew that Lambert's men were unpaid, hungry and deserting. He himself moved to the border and took up very cramped and dismal quarters at Coldstream where he waited, quietly chewing tobacco, until Lambert's army disintegrated.

Still asserting his loyalty to the Rump, he now marched unimpeded for London, but did not enter it until invited to do so by the Rump, who were in fear of the demoralized soldiery still in the capital. After that it was a relatively easy matter to dispose of the Rump by calling on Westminster the surviving moderate members who formed the majority and had been forcibly excluded twelve years earlier, before the King's trial. They voted the dissolution, and thus cleared the way for a new Parliament, which immediately recalled the King.

Mr Ashley gives the facts in a singularly lucid and detailed narrative, using every scrap of evidence that throws light on the reticent Monck, the development of his policy and the careful timing of his actions.

It is an enthralling piece of historical writing. This central part of the book is the more effective because he has given great thought to Monck's early life and career where, in many awkward and some dangerous situations—playing for time and negotiating with the Irish in 1649 for instance—Monck already showed his capacity for sound, independent judgement. He makes Monck's mind interesting as, of course, it must have been; though the narrowness of his outlook, beyond the professional field, made him seem a dull dog to the courtiers of Charles II.

Richly rewarded by the King, Monck and his wife, now Duke and Duchess of Albemarle, lived in considerable splendour though neither of them abandoned the careful habits acquired in less prosperous times. The Grand Duke of Tuscany, on a state visit, was impressed by their fine mansion but his face fell when offered a parsimonious cold dinner.

In the world he understood, Monck was always impressive. He distinguished himself again at sea in the Second Dutch War, this time in cooperation with Prince Rupert. He behaved with his usual courage and good sense in the Fire of London and when the Dutch were in the Medway, and during the Great Plague he shared with the Lord Mayor the responsibility of looking after the stricken capital.

In his private life he was deeply devoted to his wife and rather afraid of her temper. When ordered to sea again in 1667 his only anxiety was how to face her when she heard the news, because she "would break into such passions as would be very uneasy to him." However unattractive the Duke and Duchess of Albemarle were to each other, they were truly devoted and died within a fortnight of each other.

Maurice Ashley brings a lifetime's knowledge of the period to this major work; he also brings the insight and experience to make a full, just and convincing assessment of Monck as a man. It is a notable achievement.

## The arch-professional Auerstadt

By John Howard

### JOHN G. GALLAGHER:

The Iron Marshal  
A Biography of Louis N. Davout  
420pp. Southern Illinois University Press, £9.75.

The youngest and least experienced of Napoleon's marshals of the first creation, Davout was one of only four who were to be made titular princes as a reward for service in the field. He has been held by many to have been the ablest of them all with most comprehension of Napoleon's art of war and the greatest aptitude for carrying it into effect. If this view is correct then he must rank among the great commanders of history.

Davout never fought against British troops and perhaps for this reason, but oddly all the same, John G. Gallagher's work is the first biography of him to appear in English, and very good it is. Well researched and documented, balanced in judgment, admirably planned and written, *The Iron Marshal* is a scholarly biography that will satisfy many besides purely scholarly readers. It is scarcely marred by a very few trivial mistakes such as the metamorphosis of the Austrian general Quasdenovich into a place name or references to Sleyes and not Silesia. It is a pity that after they had left that office. Had it appeared in time, Col D. Reichel's recent book might have added to the author's sources.

A year younger than Napoleon, Davout was, like him, of minor but somewhat more respectable nobility and a graduate of the École Militaire, though a cavalryman not a gunner. By the age of twenty-three good service in the Rhine campaign had earned him a brigade command and soon afterwards the friendship of Dantons, who introduced him to Bonaparte in Egypt. He favourably impressed

his commander-in-chief and in 1801 married to a sister of Leclerc, Pauline Bonaparte's first husband, made him a peripheral member of the future imperial family from which, however, for the most part he was wisely held aloof. There seems no doubt that his meteoric advancement during the following years was due to Napoleon's judgment of the soldier and administrator rather than to personal affection or family influence.

Humorous, socially retiring, without political ambition—though he may, like some others, have hoped for the crown of Poland—Davout's single-minded concern was military duty, at the core of which stood obedience to orders, both those he received and those he gave. To enable himself to carry out the first he learnt and perfected every aspect of warfare and military organization. To enable his troops to carry out the second he was tireless in ensuring that they were properly trained, strictly disciplined and fully equipped. Similar principles guided his civil administration in Warsaw and Hamburg: the precise and ruthless application of imperial policy, though in Poland at least he did make unavailing efforts to have that policy modified in the interests of those he ruled.

Davout was greatly respected but not much liked, and that not only by subordinates. His rigid concept of duty brought inevitable conflicts with more lachrymistic or self-interested colleagues who did not find it endearing that he was usually right as well as rude. His failure to countermand the Austrian move during the retreat from Moscow was bitterly criticized, yet he was right not to risk his still battle-worthy corps whose loss could have been fatal to the army. A no less well-trained soldier, Eugene, did go to the aid of Napoleon, but Davout himself, then to rescue Ney; but there was a streak of gallantry in Eugene that was foreign to Davout.

It comes as a surprise to learn from Professor Gallagher that this most professional of professional soldiers was usually sloppily

dressed. He was a devoted husband and father and he had a few real and lasting friendships; he was financially upright and, if harsh, never deliberately cruel. But what was his true quality as a soldier? Beyond referring to him casually, as "perhaps the most capable of Napoleon's Marshals," Professor Gallagher does not attempt an assessment and, if that seems disappointing, he is probably right to propose evidence and let the reader judge.

Certainly, Davout was a wholly reliable subordinate who could handle a single division or a sizeable army with equal ease. In every campaign he was a pillar of strength and he never made a serious mistake or suffered a significant reverse. The highlights of his career were splendid. His stubborn fighting after a long forced march perfectly fulfilled the role that was crucial to Napoleon's plan at Austerlitz. At Austerlitz, faced with a quite unforeseen situation, he routed the main Prussian army more than twice as strong as his single unsupported corps. At Eckmühl he manoeuvred and fought his way out of seemingly hopeless encirclement; and, if his proposed outflanking movement at Borodino seemed too risky to the aging Napoleon, it would have delighted the young Bonaparte.

All these achievements were at the level of grand tactics of which he was an undoubted master and surely the equal of the imperious Napoleon. It is hard to suggest higher talents these remain unproven, even in purely military terms, let alone in those areas where high strategy and statesmanship counted. Unlike, say, Alexander, Davout was never tested in the ultimate crucible of a wholly independent command against odds. Napoleon spent much of his life as that crucible and in the end it destroyed him, but not before he had scored enough after triumphs. That is why Napoleon was and remains Napoleon: while a man who may potentially have been of similar stature was and remains Marshal Davout, Duke of Angoulême, Prince of Eckmühl.

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# TLS Commentary

## The Viennese Connection

Since November of last year a lively programme of events under the general title of "German Expressionism" has been going the rounds of the major Scottish cities. The programme was designed to stimulate a keener awareness of the movement as it affected music, drama, literature, film and the visual arts, and the Scottish-German Centre (a branch of the Goethe Institute), which is responsible for this enterprising exercise, has persuaded the National Library in Edinburgh to give over part of its exhibition space to a display of Expressionist books and periodicals from the library's own holdings (open until March 26). Edinburgh University has contributed a small section devoted to recently published monographs on the artists of the Brücke and Blaue Reiter groups, as well as books on Beckmann, Kokoschka, Schiele and the sculptors Barlach and Lehmbruck. The intention here is obviously to show the remarkably high standard of modern colour painting. Painters like Kandinsky, Nolde and Kirchner, whose vocabulary of colour was often restricted to the shrill, savage or atonal, must create very different, but equally formidable problems of reproduction from those posed by the more lyrical harmonies and quietly stated colour notes of Macke, Feininger and Klee.

The central part of the exhibition consists of literary and dramatic texts and periodicals—such as major organs of Expressionist art and thought as *Der Sturm*, *Die Aktion* and *Die Weissen Blätter*. A number of these are presented in the form of facsimiles and reprints, which unfortunately lessens the impact of the original. There is a nasty habit of evaporating when photocopied and crisp, virgin paper takes over. But much of the spirit of the movement is preserved in the woodcuts and engravings which accompany and in most cases complement the printed page. The cover for a September 1912 issue



"Versöhnung": cover by Franz Marc for *Der Sturm*, September 1912.

of *Der Sturm* is a strident, apocalyptic image by Franz Marc after a poem by Else Lasker-Schüler (Herzweg Walden's first wife). It is among the most striking things in the exhibition. Many of the graphic artists who helped make the magazines the vital and persuasive forces they were are now almost totally forgotten. Illustrations for the post-war journals *Der Weg* and *Neue Blätter für Kunst und Dichtung* are more geometrical and abstract in character—similar to the woodcuts of Feininger—but equally effective.

The Viennese connection, so often underplayed in accounts of Expressionism, keeps popping up and is the most interesting strand running through the exhibition. There is a copy of Karl Kraus's *Die Fackel*, not in itself an Expressionist

paper—although its early numbers featured Sigmund Freud, Wedekind, Schönberg, Kokoschka, Ehrenstein and Dohmel—but of significance here because Herwarth Walden, editor of *Der Sturm* and probably the single most important figure in the European avant-garde before the First World War, arranged for its publication in Berlin.

In Kraus's eyes Berlin was the seat of ultimate linguistic and journalistic corruption, whose evil influence was fast spreading to Vienna. Later, of course, Kraus was to attack the language of the Expressionist poets and dramatists themselves. But without his financial support in 1910, in return for Walden's distribution of *Die Fackel*, *Der Sturm* could never have functioned as a weekly. At the same time Walden was given a

hatch of Kokoschka's drawings by Adolf Loos, architect and patron of Kokoschka; this included the illustrations to Kokoschka's own Expressionist drama *Mörder, Hoffnung der Frauen*, one of which appeared as the cover for *Der Sturm* on July 14, 1910. Kokoschka went to Berlin to work for Walden and contributed to almost every issue of the magazine. His drawings of Walden, Kraus and others have a tautness and expressive power not always achieved in his paintings of the time. In the exhibition he is represented by the extraordinarily free and evocative verse of his illustrated fairy-tale *Die Traumenden Knaben*.

There is more of absorbing interest. A book of poems by the Austrian Georg Trakl, who committed suicide in Cracow during the First World War, is open at a drawing by Alfred Kubin which nicely anticipates De Chirico. A copy of the score for Berg's *Wozzeck* is on show; works by Bruhn, Toller, Ilse, and others (that haunting and haunted-looking skeleton so brilliantly portrayed by Gross and Meidner); and texts by Schwitters and Arp which suggest the link between Expressionism and Dada. It is an exhibition that above all raises interesting questions about the relationship between the image and the word, between artists and writers; and at the same time it attempts to place German Expressionism in a wider context of twentieth-century European culture, as a movement that has profoundly altered our ways of looking at and thinking about ourselves.

the swelling of the Arab wave and its flow to Damascus, comes very near epic. In that "fog of fighting" with his goal in sight, Lawrence looked less into himself than at any other period of the two years, and the doubt of his commander, many-faceted mind ceased to obtrude on his memory as he wrote. For the rest—in the other two-thirds—he found himself able only here and there to write as once he had dreamed of writing all. But below a standard higher than most men's best he never falls; and the book leaves from first to last an impression of absolute truth.

Allenby could present and maintain the most granitic front to persuasion, but Lawrence... breached the barrier at once.

During four years before the war Lawrence worked and wandered with Arabs, or at least with men who spoke Arabic. They liked to send their wills to him; he in turn was attracted by them. On the other hand, he clashed with their Turkish rulers, disliking them excessively—most of all the Young Turks. Passionately he desired to send them back to their Central Asian steppe, and he learned something of Arab aspiration to that same end. But when he joined up in 1914 he had no thought of helping Arabs to freedom. That thought only came when by an inspiration of Kitchener's he had been sent out to Cairo to do intelligence service, and there learned of another of Kitchener's inspirations—our anti-fundamentalist overture to the Emir of Mecca. The little subaltern of intelligence began to dream of a revolt which would sweep northwards to the villages that he had known; and he threw more initiative and energy than a subaltern is usually allowed to exert into a scheme for occupying Alexandria and raising Syria. When this scheme proved abortive he fell back (with a grudge against its wreckers) upon plans for raising Hejaz; and although presently he was to be discouraged by the Syrian 'not agreement about Syria's destiny, he did not desist from promoting and preparing for the rising in Hejaz which broke out at last in June, 1916. For a mere Hejaz rebellion, however, he had little use; and by autumn he found only too much ground to fear that where this rising had begun, there it would end. So this book opened with his arrival at Jidda on a "joy-ride" in quest of a leader to see the Arab world afire.

A great story, greatly written. The last third of it, which tells of

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Alan Day writing in the *Observer* on *Social Limits to Growth* by Fred Hirsch. The book's importance to current thinking is fully described in the many outstanding reviews now appearing. Samuel Brittan, *Financial Times*; Peter Jay, *The Times*; Peter Wilcher, *Sunday Times*; Rudolf Klein, *New Society*. . . in Peter Jay's words "one need have no hesitation in ranking the book as an instant classic".

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# TLS Commentary

## Mixed doubles

What have Mama Cass, David Blue, and Teddy Charles in common? Why did Irene Wicker become Irene Wicker? What name did Daniel Carroll assume when he hid himself among women? Such questions are not only not beyond conjecture, but are answered (all Cohens; at an astrologer's command; Danny La Rue) in J. P. Clarke's *Pseudonyms* (250pp. Elin Tree Books, £5.50). The 3,400 entries include not only pen-names but stage names, pseudonyms, nicknames, aliases, and nom-de-guerres, such as Tito, Pele, Joe Loco, Tokyo Rose, Plato (erstwhile Aristocrats), Antoine (a haldresser), and one Michael Haynes who had excellent reasons for not signing himself Ronald Biggs. Perhaps the most cases too wide to include transcriptions like Linnaeus for Linné and the less obvious Agricola for Bauer, or Melancthon for Schwarzer, and titles such as Akabar, Zog, Akhnaton, and Buddha—but no Pope except Alexander, also known as Esdras Barnivelt, Marinus Scriblerus, Dick Disch and more. And surely Johnson never signed himself "The great Cham of Literature"?

We are given, in fact, any rose that might smell sweeter by another name, like Lady Dorothy Rose, who writes as Dorothy Carrington, or Irving Rose who played bridge as Ian Risk so his parents would not know he was neglecting his medical textbooks. For it is a virtue of this work that it gives reasons for the changes of name—but only intermittently, so we are left wondering when Louisa M. Alcott was Tribulation Periwinkle, and why Thomas Whalley called himself A Beautiful and Unfortunate Young Lady. Sometimes no explanation is needed; there is no charm in names like Gloux or Fluck or Cui; more glamour in Lamour than in Dorothy Kuumey; and a danger of typographical error as John the Baptist, who is caught and pulled to earth. His wings are clipped to reveal a boy white as self-raising flour with a feathered G-string and jammy lips. He stands about in winsome postures until, having assumed the pose of St Sebastian, he is struck with spears and dies to the sound of the *Tristan* prelude. Salomé (played by Mr Kemp) then drinks the red gore that gathers on his lips and, by the time all this has been drawn out into the opening bars of the *Liedstuck*, the cast is on stage to receive applause for what must be one of the most banal concoctions of exhausted symbols that has ever been presented as serious art.

It is strange that Mr Kemp doesn't see what is obvious: that the works upon which he relies for his meaning (Wagner's *Tristan* and Poullet's *St Sebastian*) achieve expression precisely because they deny themselves this vulgar luxury of effect. Mr Kemp imagines that he can find his magnificence ready-made, that he can rely on his platitudes with the real achievements of genius and attain to expression through an accumulation of overstatement. But the essence of expression (at least of the kind of expression at which Mr Kemp is aiming) lies in understatement, in the ability to awaken the perceptions of an audience to the point where suggestion is enough, the point where one's meaning goes without saying.

It is true that Mr Kemp is not helped very much by Oscar Wilde's *Salomé*. Wilde's *Salomé* is a highly trained, highly disciplined, and highly disciplined. Mr Kemp's boys are neither, and despite their facious pose, look like nothing so

white, or Priscilla White into Cilla Black. Some alterations are more trivial: Marcia Hunt to Marcia Hunt, Warren Beatty to Warren Beatty, Lorne Green to Lorne Greene.

National origins are frequently obscured: to be less English, Muriel Harding becomes Olga Petrova; to be less Welsh, Ivor and Nigel Davies become Novello and De Villeneuve; Anouilh, less Armenian than Aznavourian. Or nationality is asserted, as by Ben-Gurion, Mindszenty, and O'Casey. "An American" might be Samuel Adams, Alexander Hamilton, Cobett, Longfellow, or Fenimore Cooper though Washington Irving chose to specify that he was an American gentleman. Chaim Weizman took his stage name to spite an antisemitic Sergeant-Major Flanagan, and got his first big part from Edris Fayed, herself an ex-Flanagan. Conversely, for reasons stated, the Earl of Cork and Orrery—whose dates surely cannot be 1707-1862—wrote on occasion as Moses Orthodox.

Mysteries abound: why Theda Bara, even if it is an anagram of Arab Death? And why should "a Minister of the Gospel", "Figaro" and "Dame Shirley" alike share the honest name of Clap for Clapp, or Clappe? There are obvious omissions, more or less justified, and naturally a few errors. De la Mare's first pen-name was Rialto, not Kamel; we are given Adeline for Adlington, Edward Moorcock for Michael Moorcock, Paul Boyle for John Doyle as the author of Graves's *The Mortalists*. "Mrs Midnight" was probably Christopher Smart more than John Newbery, and something the gone word which Clav Cockburn, which is listed as being the real name of Frank Pitcairn, and the pseudonym of Robert Pitcairn. But one entry gives a breathtaking insight into contemporary letters. Nabokoff-Sirin is revealed as the pen-name of one Stephen D. Francis, "American writer of pulp fiction"—Ada, Laffa and so on. For his serious stuff he calls himself Hank Janson.

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## The curiosities of Locke

By K. H. D. Haley

R. S. de BEER (Editor):  
The Correspondence of John Locke  
Volume 1 707pp.  
Volume 2 805pp.  
Clarendon Press: Oxford University  
Press, £25 each.

As one great seventeenth-century editorial enterprise, the new edition of Pepys's Diary draws near to completion, the publication of another, the volumes of Locke's correspondence, begins in the Clarendon Edition of his Works. Oddly enough, these two remarkable men, apparently so very different in intellect and personality, were almost exact contemporaries—Locke was born one year earlier and died a year later; and though many of their interests were for apace, they even sometimes overlap. They had common friends (like the Banks family). There were occasions on which they could have met, notably at the Royal Society, of which they were both Fellows.

Whereas Pepys's Diary was written between the ages of twenty-six and thirty-six, and his work for the navy was over by the time he was fifty-five, so that he is regarded as a figure of the Restoration, Locke began to publish only in his fifties, became a great man in the Republic of Letters at about sixty, and is generally associated with the Revolution of 1688 and the beginnings of the Enlightenment. Of the 3,600 letters to and from him which survive, only some three hundred relate to the period before his departure to France in the autumn of 1675, and the second of the eight volumes planned leaves him in 1686, growing old, constantly preoccupied with his health, and little known. His European fame was still to come.

In these circumstances it might be thought that the principal interest of the letters in these two volumes would be in the slow maturing of the thought of the author of the *Letter Concerning Tolerance*, the *Two Treatises of Government* and the *Essay Concerning Human Understanding*. Yet the themes of these works are scarcely referred to in the correspondence. There are only occasional glimpses of an interest in the political treatment of religious controversy: before the departure of Quakers in early letters; some letters from Claves to Boyle in 1665-66 in which he describes the religious toleration there—though it did not lead him to believe that Catholics should be tolerated in England; and at the end some thing is implicit in the friendship struck up with the Dutch Remonstrant van Limborch. But that is all.

The scarcity of references to the political struggles of the reign of

Charles II is even more disappointing. Many letters are addressed to Locke at the house of the Earl of Shaftesbury in the years 1669-75 and 1679-81, but none of his survive to give a glimpse of life in the household of the patron who signed himself "your most affectionate friend and servant". Correspondence refers to Locke's well-known admiration of the Earl; there are fragments of a list of election returns which suggest his interest in the Parliament of 1679; in one letter of August, 1680, he discusses a political gossip in Shaftesbury in a way which suggests that about gossip was frequently exchanged; and in February, 1681, Shaftesbury is found asking Locke to persuade two candidates to stand down from the Oxfordshire elections to the Oxford Parliament.

E. S. de Beer is justified in saying that "there is no indication that Locke was ever in any inner ring of making party plans for the future; but when he goes on to say that 'apart from his readiness to reply to Filmer's *Patriarcha* and Stillingfleet's *The Mischief of Separation* there is every little to show of interest on Locke's part in current politics before the Revolution", the statement may be literally correct, and yet it seems unlikely that Locke's admiration for Shaftesbury and his willingness to write on those themes at a time of crisis can be divorced from an interest in the politics of the day. Either letters were destroyed (and the small surviving number of letters exchanged between any Whigs of the period can hardly be coincidental), or more probably Locke had no occasion to discuss politics with the kind of scholarly correspondents like Tholhard to whom he wrote and whose letters he chose to keep. When he describes himself as having little skill in politics, it is not likely that he too humbly, but simply regret that not enough survives to enable us to assess it.

On the *Essay concerning Human Understanding*, there are references to the existence of a manuscript, and brief passages discussing the nature of knowledge with Damarius Cudworth, but little else. On the other hand, a series of letters to Edward Clarke, a schoolmaster, some of them concerning education. The recommendations are a strange mixture of sense and nonsense. Clarke's boy is always to wear leaky shoes to harden him against the cold and damp.

And if we have a poetic vein, it is the most senseless thing in the world to cherish and improve it. It ought to be stifled and suppressed as much as may be; and I know not what reason a father can have to desire to have his son, or who does not desire to have him an idle useless fellow. . . . For it has very seldom been, that anyone discovers gold or silver upon Parnassus. The main interest of the corre-

spondence lies elsewhere. It remains the principal source for the story of Locke's life, though some may find the letters exchanged with his women friends under their pseudonyms of Scribellia and Philoclea rather tedious, particularly when left in their illogical state. Though he was to be more irritable in later life, the letters of these years show him to be a person with a considerable capacity for warm friendships—sometimes with scholars like Tholhard, whom he did not meet again after their encounters at Paris in 1678-79. He was able to exchange good-natured banter with his friends, no matter how long the intervening separation had been.

More significant, however, is the wide range of his intellectual curiosity, as striking in its way, and as typical of the age, as his contemporary Pepys's. Some interests that he did not share: Locke had considerable interests in medicine, but cared nothing for the drama or the navy, and his comments are more learned. But there is much in these letters which would have aroused the curiosity of the diarist: so of

the scientific discoveries, the variation of the compass, the making of texts are elegant; not a word is wasted; he is scrupulous in detail, and consistent in malice, his editorial principles; and who a dating or an identification is certain, and the carefully indicates a degree of doubt, and the personal views, and he never seems to refer readers to more recent scholarly biographies rather than articles in the *Dictionary of National Biography*, and a few may be about the statement that in the notes Dr de Beer has not made a systematic survey of all the parts of Locke's manuscript; he agrees—until they come across the notes on the *Diary of John Locke*, and realize also that the volumes of the full Clarendon edition of the *Works* can be expected, in the nature of things, to make additions to earlier ones. When the eight volumes of *Correspondence* have appeared, they will be recognized as one of the scholarly achievements of their

time. The wide range of topics mentioned, in addition to the difficulties of dating the letters, identifying people and elucidating the many allusions in the text, make formidable demands upon the skill, care and patience of an editor; and scholars using the correspondence will

## Cover story

By Barry Supple

H. A. I. COCKRELL and EDWIN GREEN:  
The British Insurance Business  
1547-1970  
142pp. Holmemann Educational  
Books, £5.

"Be not frightened," wrote Dr Johnson, "trade could not be managed by those who manage it, if it had much difficulty." This not uncommon judgment on the ease with which business success can be attained when the going is good, is reinforced by the widely held view that the country's relative economic decline in the past hundred years can be largely attributed to the ineptitude of British management. Both sorts of opinion have withstood a flood of case studies (mostly in the form of massive company histories) and a sophisticated trickle of microeconomic reasoning (predominantly by American economic historians) which present a more complex, and more realistically charitable, picture of both Britain's economic performance and the "rationality" of her businessmen.

No doubt the tenacity with which clichés about British entrepreneurship are held, owes a lot to our own, slightly unjustified, howl at institutions which, in business, is not the only field in which the man at the top gets nearly all the blame. In this respect, however, the extra-

ordinarily good record of British insurance over the very long run has presented considerable problems for the conventional view of the pervasiveness of entrepreneurial inefficiency. This is not merely because of its expansion and profitability over two or three hundred years. If it had merely continued down the centuries, it would not have attracted much notice. Dr Johnson, that they were easy things to do. Rather, the insurance function has been extended, elaborated and transformed with the evolution of the British and world economies: from marine to fire and life, and then to personal accident, motor and aircraft; from covering property risks to providing for savings and investment; from a small-scale insurer to a huge cosmopolitan enterprise.

It is, indeed, the longevity and variety, as well as the outstanding economic success, of the British insurance business, that gives it a singularly significant role in the history of the British economy. The longevity was a function of the nature of an enterprise where stability and security are, or should be, of the essence. Together with the search for a national market, it meant that in the eighteenth and nineteenth centuries the insurance industry anticipated trends which were ultimately to dominate modern enterprise: the rise of corporations, the dissociation of management from ownership, the growth of a professional bureaucracy and mass marketing techniques, and the domination of the industry by giant companies with diversified economic aims and huge accumulations of investment funds. These developments alone, writing the more intensive historical study of insurance businesses as enterprises and institutions. But the varied nature of insurance activity adds a further, and quite critical, importance to its records—namely, the degree to

which they touch so many other aspects of economic and social life. This has always been acknowledged with respect to the mortality data generated by life insurance, which is so informative for demographers, though social and geographical variations still have to be fully analysed. In the last decade or so, however, historians have woken up to the rich sources of information on capital accumulation, industrial techniques, regional development, social habits and individual biographies which lie buried in the fire insurance policy registers. These will provide the basis of a vast amount of future research. And to them must be thrown light on such a multiplicity of economic and social activity, abundant details of which survive only because of the exercise of the distinctive British sense of prudence and thrift.

Fortunately, the very permanence and stability which have characterized the insurance business have also led to an exceptionally high survival rate for its records; and to an unusual respect for history on the part of its practitioners. The *British Insurance Business* (1970) derives from the latter and is based on the former: it provides a comprehensive listing of known insurance records, the care of which is a description of the archives of individual companies. There are, in addition, guides to the much neglected records of the various insurance associations and to the less abundant material relating to marine underwriting and to insurance agents. The listings are prefaced by brief but useful essays on the history of various types of insurance. And the whole is an exemplary tool for broad-ranging historical research, confirming the abundance of material, the relevance of which is far less specialized than it seems at first sight.

## The bishop's books

By J. M. Cameron

GEORGE KEYNES:  
A Bibliography of George Berkeley  
Bishop of Cloyne  
His Works and His Critics in the Eighteenth Century  
285pp. Clarendon Press: Oxford  
University Press, £12.

The Clarendon Press has taken over the *Boho Bibliographies*, is reissuing the whole series, and now publishes the first addition to the series. It is a handsome and useful volume, uniform in appearance though not in size with the great *Luce* and *Jessop* collected Berkeleys. It will be indispensable to librarians and to students of the eighteenth century. Sir George Keynes is very careful about including only works by Berkeley and his critics and commentators published in the eighteenth century.

The bibliographical work is beautifully done, as one would ex-

pect; and in so far as Berkeley can be treated as a man of letters, a social critic and a bishop, rather than as a philosopher, the comments seem to be just. Sir George is perhaps a little too indulgent towards the claims advanced for Berkeley as a great philosopher, the greatest modern British philosopher after Hobbes, and he must be said that the remarks on the philosopher are scarcely worthy of their subject. "The theory of immaterialism," seems foolish, it is likened to Einstein's "theory of special relativity" and its being equally offensive to common sense; but whereas Einstein's theory has been modified, Berkeley's seems never to have been. This seems rough on philosophy and natural science, and on the casual reader. Berkeley's extremely common-sense intentions.

The *De Motu* is treated, perhaps rightly from a bibliographer's point of view, as a "lecture work"; but the notes on it should bring out its great importance in the history of the philosophy of science. Berkeley, trained in the task of a tutor, Evelyn, agreed to devote a full twenty years or more to his present labours. His knowledge is encyclopaedic; his translations of Latin texts are elegant; not a word is wasted; he is scrupulous in detail, and consistent in malice, his editorial principles; and who a dating or an identification is certain, and the carefully indicates a degree of doubt, and the personal views, and he never seems to refer readers to more recent scholarly biographies rather than articles in the *Dictionary of National Biography*, and a few may be about the statement that in the notes Dr de Beer has not made a systematic survey of all the parts of Locke's manuscript; he agrees—until they come across the notes on the *Diary of John Locke*, and realize also that the volumes of the full Clarendon edition of the *Works* can be expected, in the nature of things, to make additions to earlier ones. When the eight volumes of *Correspondence* have appeared, they will be recognized as one of the scholarly achievements of their

## The flame of the Fenians

By Roy Foster

LEON O'BROIN:  
Revolutionary Underground  
The story of the Irish Republican Brotherhood 1858-1934  
245pp. Dublin: Gill and Macmillan, £6.95.

The Irish Republican Brotherhood have long needed a history to themselves. For too long they have been the subject of general works on modern Irish history like a banished, nationalist's family ghost materializing in times of crisis: a siren to the revolutionary left of the Irish parliamentary party, while remaining resolutely uninterested in social change, and the despair of Marxian analysis; until finally advancing from the shadows to preside over the cradle of an infant Irish state—the banished improbably turned fairly godmother.

Unlike its collateral descendant, the IRA, "the Organization" (as it was cautiously called by generations of conspirators) has not until now been awarded a scholarly chronological study. It has generally been approached in terms of its members, as with Desmond Ryan's book about John Devoy, or Leon O'Broin's own more detailed studies of the period. Now the author has provided in *Revolutionary Underground* the sort of continuous study which the movement has long needed, and it is by its very nature a book to be thankful for.

There are some attendant difficulties. The IRB managed to combine the Irish addition to international feud with a most uncharacteristic ability to maintain a shut mouth and a covered trail, notwithstanding the activities of lives of busy informers throughout its history. (Historians have cause to be grateful for the existence of these sources; they have characterized the IRB themselves to be thankful for the industry, dedication and longevity of figures like John Devoy, for without his patient activity we would know a great deal less about the underground movement which provided the backbone of the Irish nationalist and twentieth-century Irish nationalism.) Even Dr O'Broin's wide knowledge, and an attention to detail worthy of Devoy himself, cannot make the story wholly articulate despite the stream of information which found its way to the police records. What the IRB did is clarified; what they were remains curiously indistinct. And what they represented, of course, is another matter altogether.

So much of the evidence about the IRB comes from government intelligence sources, and is thus tainted by the very nature of its source, that the perspective has necessarily to be adjusted by the use of the no less biased records and recollections of the organization's own adherents. Dr O'Broin is a good enough historian to steer a careful course through this material; and he has rendered it both more vivid and more convincing by his conversations with its surviving members and their families. In a doubtful case which required his own judgment it is generally given sharply, judiciously and cogently.

It is, however, performing a difficult task in illuminating an area so shrouded with secrecy, and analysing a dynamism so driven by irrationalism and emotion. Much about the movement itself remains in the realm of the elusive. What, for instance, was its nerve? It was not the same as the Fenian Brotherhood, though it was in many ways its counterpart; Dr O'Broin tells us that Dublin Castle saw the IRB "as a secret revolutionary society that aimed at putting an army in the field, and the Fenian Brotherhood as an auxiliary whose mission was to provide 'the sinews of war'".

The word "Fenian" came to be generally applied to members of both elements and has remained to this day equally loosely used as a sobriquet among Northern Orangemen for any kind of nationalist. Dating from the mid-nineteenth century, there was a certain aura of liberalism adhering to the ideals of the early nineteenth-century constitution for the visionary Irish Republic,

erected in the mind of the organization from the beginning, declared that there should be no such religion. (The Fenians' personal relations with the Roman Catholic Church were never easy; for absorption, they generally had to find a Jesuit. One remembers the classic, if fictional, anecdote of confession: "Father, I killed a man." "My son, you may omit your venial sins.") Nor did they ever lose the international dimension; besides the close connection maintained with American secret movements, and the Fenian movement of the early twentieth century, there were negotiations in the 1870s for a Russian expedition of aid.

There might be an irony of history here. A story, not related by Dr O'Broin and very possibly apocryphal, claims that De Valera and Sean O'Kelly, returning from their fund-raising tour of America in 1920, became friendly on board ship with a Russian delegation who had been on a similar mission but with far less success. One convivial night the Irish revolutionaries agreed to lend the Russians some of their funds, for which the Russians modestly produced the Romanov crown jewels as surety. These were accepted and duly hidden in a variety of places, from the British Museum to a suburban kitchen to secret pockets in the petticoats of O'Kelly's mother, until they were eventually redeemed by the Soviet Government in the 1950s. Thus the IRB may have ended by helping the Russians establish their own visionary republic.

From the beginning, too, there was established a certain iconography and a structure of festivals which could be utilized for ulterior motives. Dr O'Broin entertainingly lists the ephemeris in the organization's correspondence, and gives "picnic" as a word denoting a "meeting"; but the "picnic" very often were picnics, as it was at such innocent Irish-American public outings that a great deal of business was transacted. There was also, in Ireland, the institution of the great public funeral—then as now a potent propaganda vehicle. (The calculated way in which this was organized distressed the more religious members of the brotherhood, like Kichham.)

The IRB could be a broad church; but its flirtation with the Irish Parliamentary Party under Parnell led to violent differences within its ranks. Not many shared Devoy's characteristically broad-minded view of a "friendly rivalry" with the constitutionalists; and his own career, of course, seemed to demonstrate how such an approach inevitably dimmed the flame of nationalism. On both sides of the Atlantic led to an endless and unedifying saga of splitting and feuding. Dr O'Broin elucidates more clearly than anyone before him the important division in the American organization, Clan na Gael, in the 1880s—between the old guard under Devoy and Carroll and Alexander Sullivan's "Triangle", who represented the spirit of Twentymany Hall rather than the Phoenix Flame. The resulting division into Irish National Brotherhood and Irish Republican Brotherhood had many repercussions in Ireland, carefully and lucidly traced in this book. The IRB survived all this, though it continued to fluctuate in strength; 1907 was a particularly low point. But it was at this very juncture that Tom Clarke returned from America and a quiet revival began to be fuelled from the unlikely source of a tobaccoist's shop in Farall Street. The IRB had entered on the phase of its existence which would, for the first time, produce a tangible result.

The path to this lay through infiltration of groups like the Gaelic Athletic Association; through the work of an immensely talented political general and eventually through the 1916 Rising—though this last was opposed by some of the best and most prominent of the new men in nationalist organizations. (Several others, of course, never knew about it until the minutes—by Arthur Griffith and equally sensitive figure. But the



Jeremiah O'Donovan Rossa on his deathbed (from *The Green Flag* by Robert Kee, 1972).

organization also had room for the unbalanced O'Donovan Rossa, calculating dreamily how few men would be needed to burn down London (I think he had it down to half a dozen).

What mattered more than individual proclivities was what the organization stood for; this, and the self-denial and uprightness of many of its members, could exert an inspirational effect on people far removed from them on other planes. Dr O'Broin rightly pours cold water on the notion that Fenianism influenced measures like Disestablishment and the Land Acts—or that it had any interest in such measures. But it did inspire Butt, once an officer of an Orange Lodge, to work for a repeal of the Union.

Individual Fenians could themselves wear several hats, especially in the years when land agitation, parliamentary activity, and Fenianism overlapped; maybe they toggled between them, or maybe they were more cynical than has often been allowed. Again, the question of religious *vis-à-vis* political identity arises. In Miltown Malbay at the end of a mission one of the clergy preached a sermon on secret societies and moonlighting and cursed those who took part in them. He prayed that the hand of the person who fired into his neighbour's house or injured his property might be withered before he left the spot. It then called on all the young men present to hold up their hands and promise faithfully that they would not join secret societies or take part in crime. In the excessively crowded chapel the police noticed a large number of moonlighters, all of whom raised their hands.

However, the wide dispersal of loyalties summed up by the movement in its manifestations on both sides of the Atlantic led to an endless and unedifying saga of splitting and feuding. Dr O'Broin elucidates more clearly than anyone before him the important division in the American organization, Clan na Gael, in the 1880s—between the old guard under Devoy and Carroll and Alexander Sullivan's "Triangle", who represented the spirit of Twentymany Hall rather than the Phoenix Flame. The resulting division into Irish National Brotherhood and Irish Republican Brotherhood had many repercussions in Ireland, carefully and lucidly traced in this book. The IRB survived all this, though it continued to fluctuate in strength; 1907 was a particularly low point. But it was at this very juncture that Tom Clarke returned from America and a quiet revival began to be fuelled from the unlikely source of a tobaccoist's shop in Farall Street. The IRB had entered on the phase of its existence which would, for the first time, produce a tangible result.

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something that happened once, and that was all about it." For the earlier IRB guardians of the Phoenix Flame, such an analogy would have been heretical. But the Collins era brought results, even though the truce that ended the war sealed "to an organization at the end of its resources. And when the Treaty came in the vote in the Dáil, the IRB officially allowed their members in the assembly freedom of action, but announced through the Supreme Council of course, subordination. It was, of course, subsequently accused of exerting undue influence. At all events, it led to what Dr O'Broin ironically calls the IRB's first and only unquestionable achievement, symbolized when Michael Collins took over Dublin Castle from the Lord Lieutenant, greeting the nervous officials with his customary lilt ("Glad to see you Mr Collins.") "Like hell you are."

The splits and feuds, of course, were yet to reach their apogee. In the process, especially when the "old IRA" group in the army mutinied, the IRB was seen as a potential focus for danger; in a revealing figure of speech, Sean O'Muille said the IRB had been reorganized for fear that the anti-Treaty forces would "get control of it if it were left derelict". The metaphor can be sustained; by now it was being seen as a semi-abandoned structure which could be commandeered by illegitimate squatters or destructive vandals; in function as a ginger-group moving between all the open organizations was no longer relevant. Like every other organization, it had split over the Treaty. Though the Supreme Council itself described the 1916 proclamation, many of their followers had never heard of them.

What 1916 raised, of course, was the validity of earlier statements about waiting for the right moment to strike—the moment when majority support would be readily available. In 1917 the Constitution was changed, omitting this awkward provision. At the same time, the Supreme Council empowered itself to inflict the sentence of death for treason.

In August 1917, over Thomas Ashby's grave, Michael Collins made a speech of a couple of dozen words; he simply said that the volley of gunfire just loosed was "the only speech which it is proper to make about the grave of an old Fenian". The contrast with the over-the-coffin was symbolic. Collins was to denounce the IRB from now on, and to supervise its takeover of Sinn Féin. There were many anomalies in the situation; it might be innocently supposed that the Supreme Council of the IRB, which had always seen itself as the government of the visionary Republic, should abdicate from this metaphysical niche now that Dr O'Broin was occupying the same position. Possibly he was simply too tired to promise allegiance to the Dáil and continue in existence.

The whole dispensation was, in fact, changing. Perhaps the honourable open warfare of the Kichham-O'Leary ideal had always been a chimera; certainly what followed was a world away from the days when John Mallon, the philosophical, all-seeing superintendent of the Dublin Metropolitan Police, monitored IRB activity with an attitude reminiscent of a kindly game of cops and robbers. Collins's brilliant, ruthless guerrilla warfare changed all that; and of the British retaliation policy it is hardly necessary to speak. The IRA became more and more of a soldier, autonomous organization, while the IRB moved back into the shadows. For an IRA soldier, James Hogan later recalled, joining the IRB was "like being vaccinated—finished business."

## Inside the 40s

Derek Stanford—poet, critic and editor—looks at the 1940s from a very special viewpoint, for he was at the very centre of the literary scene. In this personal narrative he recalls the personalities and factors that helped shape the decade, and draws from the time of the 1940s into the more romantic phase of the post-war decade. Poets, novelists and dramatists, all of whom were moving in the literary and artistic circles of the time, are brought to life by the author's vivid and often humorous descriptions of the writing and of the time. Derek Stanford, who was influenced by all of them—most of them.

240 pages 10 pages illustrations  
Siddick & Jackson



# Gilbert versus Sullivan

By J. S. Atherton

JOHN WOLFSON:

Final Curtain  
The Last Gilbert and Sullivan  
Operas  
293pp. Chappell/André Deutsch.  
£7.95.

According to United States law in the 1890s, explains John Wolfson, copyright was only granted if the text, printed entirely in the United States, was deposited in the Library of Congress before any performance had taken place anywhere. In the second half of *Final Curtain* he reproduces in facsimile the early drafts of *Utopia Limited* and *The Grand Duke* from the Library of Congress copies, with notes showing passages later omitted. For *Utopia Limited*, he adds a lengthy appendix, from various previously unpublished manuscripts, giving songs, dialogues and stage directions which were tried and rejected. For *The Grand Duke* an appendix gives the final form of songs altered during rehearsals. These together allow the reader to follow the development of both comic operas from start to finish.

John Wolfson's text, which occupies the first half of his book, guides the reader through the various alterations, showing why they were made and showing that they were rarely improvements. He begins with a full account of the "carper quarrel" and its after-effects through Gilbert's continued resentment, and explains clearly the unpleasantly "Gilbertian situation" that developed when Sullivan was asked to compose settings for pieces attacking his own actions.

Gilbert was most aggrieved because Sullivan had sworn an affidavit that Carlo had impounded Gilbert's royalties against "an outstanding law suit" although he knew that the law suit was not outstanding at all. This underlines the lines in *Utopia Limited*: "I have made an affidavit... You know you can't help believing an affidavit."

Sullivan was ill and his music deteriorated. Gilbert took advantage of this—as Mr. Wolfson writes—"to give the name Arthur to a character who, as a musician, was no longer able 'to do himself justice' musically," and sings a song, "A Tenor can't do himself justice."

D'Oyly Carte had recently flouted the Royal English Opera, which was losing him money steadily, as "The Palace Theatre Limited," with a capital of £200,000. Gilbert, who had already mocked limited companies in *The Gondoliers* with "the Duke of Plaza-Toro, Limited," saw this as approaching dishonesty, and had the chorus of *Utopia Limited* sing of limited companies: They then proceed to trade with all who'll trust them.

Quite irrespective of their capital (it's shady but it's sanctified by custom)... It's strictly fair and based on common sense—

If you succeed, your profits are enormous; if you fail, you go your eight-penny pence.

But the satire on business and politics was not to the taste of the time. Critics complained of Gilbert's own bitterness, and indeed

his lightheartedness was no longer there: he had lost attraction to his lines. He nursed resentment and envied Sullivan the superior social rewards, such as his knighthood and his royal friendships, that came to him through his music. Paradoxically it was when his craftsmanship was weakening that he grumbled about being called a playwright instead of a dramatist. He gave his King of Utopia a song about the future when "Literary Merit meets with proper recognition," and Utopia too "may have, like [England], an Earl of Thackeray, and p'raps a Duke of Dickens." But the irony fell rather flat.

A further and more regrettable paradox was that although Gilbert's satire grew more bitter, he had become himself a wealthy established figure, and as such readily accepted any satirical passages likely to offend. Some of the objections were justified. One can sympathize with Sullivan complaining that he did not want to have to deal with another man-hungry ugly old woman, but the Lady Sophy who resulted from Gilbert's changes is somewhat dull—in fact, "It wasn't Gilbert," as Mr. Wolfson comments.

But Gilbert had lost much of his confidence and was even resorting to spectacle alone to produce effects: one scene in *Utopia Limited* is entirely without dialogue, one passage of pure dialogue in the black-faced minstrel style he agreed to cut out. At the same time he was insisting that his protégé Nancy McIntosh should be the main part and tried to build the opera round her. This was unfortunate since although, as Sullivan admitted, she was nice, sympathetic and intelligent, she was not a very good singer and had no stage experience at all. Mr. Wolfson might have mentioned that Gilbert and his wife later adopted Nancy as their daughter. His version might lead some readers to suspect a different situation.

Mr. Wolfson gives *The Grand Duke* a closer examination than it has ever before received and scarcely deserves, pointing out three hitherto unnoticed sources for the whimsies with which it is crammed, and revealing an underlying anti-semitic Quaker Victorian and his father which the alterations almost removed from the acted version.

*Final Curtain* makes an important addition to the already large number of books on Gilbert and Sullivan. The sixty-one illustrations include two hand-coloured photographs, one for each of the two acts of *Utopia Limited*, showing the two hand-coloured stage settings. As Craven set most of the other Gilbert and Sullivan operas and was one of Irving's stage designers, these are documents of historic value. There is also a black-and-white photograph of Mr. Herbert's setting for Act I of *The Grand Duke*—a German market square full of intriguing arcades and quaint archways and corners. These, together with the wealth of other appropriate illustrations, add greatly to the value of a hoped-for valuable book. It is to be hoped that Mr. Wolfson will go on to write about the Savoy successes.

# Sonata styles

By Denis Matthews

JOACHIM KAISER:

Beethoven 32 Klaviersonaten und ihre Interpreten  
660pp. Frankfurt: S. Fischer.  
DM 64.

Yet another book on the Beethoven piano sonatas invites an old question. What now approach does this one take in view of the existing shelf-loads on the subject? The key to the second half of the title: "and their interpreters." Joachim Kaiser was born in East Prussia in 1928. He studied musicology at Göttingen and literature at Tübingen and soon became an accepted critic with a wide range of interests, including the theatre. His experience of Beethoven, and indeed of music and music criticism in general, is also wide. He spreads himself over the piano sonatas in more than 600 pages and with nearly 500 music examples, and finds plenty to say about the less popular ones such as opus 31, No 1, and opus 54. Though music is needed to identify passages under discussion, he also to get his points across to the untutored reader and listener.

"Listener" is, of course, another keyword. Sonatas do not hang in museums, and though in a sense they exist in printed notes it may be argued that they only live when played and heard. Yet most musical analysis have disregarded this aspect. The musicologist who never goes to a concert could, however, claim to be his own interpreter, and the expert score-reader "hears" the music in his mind. He will be poorer if he neglects the revelations of great performers, which may be shown in fact through new lights even on academic analysis. Kaiser does not reject such "objective" analysis (he knows his Tovey and Schenker); he is a keen observer of musical structure himself but sees it in relation to wider, sometimes alarming, divergences of interpretation. In the distant past ear-witness accounts depended on memory and the written word. August Halm wrote fascinatingly about the differing approaches of the pianists, the order of the new, and the "Kreutzer" Sonata, though his description—like Schindler's of Beethoven's piano playing—left much to the imagination.

The recording age has changed this and provided at least half-century's worth of more vivid evidence. Those who have enjoyed the broadcast Interpretations on Record series will feel at home in Kaiser's book, but even if they read German and know the names of Beethoven's opus 109 and opus 110. Enough is chosen to illustrate the potential range of Beethoven interpretation, and the occasional anecdote is well placed. Concerning the late sonatas, Arthur Schnabel is quoted as saying, "Beethoven's late sonatas would kiss his feet and then ask 'please, not so many trills'." The general layout of the book is sumptuous and the music examples mostly taken from the Henle edition, though a danger with extracts—the ins and outs are often random and there is the odd mistake over clefs and accidentals.

On the music itself he draws knowledge from parallels, some of them far-fetched, such as the "quotations" from *Zauberflöte* and *Fidelio* in opus 109. He raises some topical controversies—the repeat of the "Pathétique" introduction (for instance), the order of the middle movements of the "Hammerklavier", the repeated-note *Rechung* in opus 110. He adds a short bibliography and select discography. It is easy to point out some interesting omissions: Mendelssohn's *Andante*, Myrle's opus 109 and opus 110. Enough is chosen to illustrate the potential range of Beethoven interpretation, and the occasional anecdote is well placed. Concerning the late sonatas, Arthur Schnabel is quoted as saying, "Beethoven's late sonatas would kiss his feet and then ask 'please, not so many trills'." The general layout of the book is sumptuous and the music examples mostly taken from the Henle edition, though a danger with extracts—the ins and outs are often random and there is the odd mistake over clefs and accidentals.

Nevertheless, as a literary man Kaiser is extremely eloquent. He accepts that towards records may lie points out the dangers of tape editing, and admits that some great players have been bad recorders.

# Talk of Sir Thomas

By Robert Anderson

HUMPHRY PROCTER-GREGG  
(Editor):  
Beethoven Remembered  
212pp. Duckworth. £5.95.

With the living we stupidly ourselves trying to pretend they are all equal with the dead the game is up and we can revel in their glorious inequalities. Few people were less equal than Sir Thomas. As a Commander of the Legion of Honour, he was entitled to twelve rifle shots at his funeral; during his lifetime he fired thousands of them. (Some among the obiters of this book) and it is appropriate that his last

concert should be recalled by a plaque in the Tower at Portsmouth amid the naval heroes of England's bolder and badder days. Beethoven's music-making had a fire and finesse, a devilish daring that made for supreme excitement in the concert hall, the excitement of a distinguished mind working with courage and treated with far distinction on those "pretty little pieces" that made up a repertoire more catholic and venturesome than any modern conductor would attempt. Humphrey Procter-Gregg knew Beethoven for thirty years and first assembled his "cloud of witnesses" for private publication in 1973. He has now juggled with them a little, left out the Manchester speech in Beethoven's honour which he became a Doctor of Music in 1937, or was in the selection for "Desert Island Discs" in 1957 (they included some pastiche Wagner and Rossini, Florence Foster Jenkins as

needing the stimulus and risk of public performance. Conversely he doubts that a first-class record, musically speaking, was ever made by a second-class artist. In any case, though records are his most accessible evidence, he draws his own experience of live performances and broadcasts, sometimes (with subtle differences) by the same artists. He does not overdo statistics, but notes that Schnabel knocked a minute off Kempff's timing for the short first movement of Opus 2, No 1, and recalls that Daniel Barenboim (in public) took as much as twenty seconds over the dead opening bar of the "Hammerklavier" adagio.

Out of a vast number of existing records he is selective, paying repeated attention to the complete sets by Arrau, Brendel, Gilels and others. Including of course Schnabel, whose unique importance will strike some as underplayed. Schnabel's personal traits, such as his "clipping" of pairs of slurred notes and sometimes precipitous tempi, call for more detailed analysis. Nor should it be forgotten that though we including the author, may preferably dip into the past and compare, that older generation had no such chance in its formative years.

This partly accounts for the striking individuality of Schnabel, Cortez and Rachmaninov. The eccentricities of Glenn Gould are another matter, though Kaiser gives his undeniable gifts their due, while praising the more rational brilliance of Pollini and the sensitivity of Solomon whom he rates highly. Eventually the problem question arises, though brought up early by the author: can any single interpreter reveal all the aspects of the "Waldstein" and reconcile its pliancy and mysteries with its virtuosic brilliance?

Such comparisons form only one aspect of the book, though they contribute to Kaiser's other main purpose, the answer to the question "what do the Beethoven sonatas contain?" It prefaces discussion of each sonata with some factual information and his own assessment of the work's character and importance. He cites many other writers, including Stravinsky's often prickly opinions.

On the music itself he draws knowledge from parallels, some of them far-fetched, such as the "quotations" from *Zauberflöte* and *Fidelio* in opus 109. He raises some topical controversies—the repeat of the "Pathétique" introduction (for instance), the order of the middle movements of the "Hammerklavier", the repeated-note *Rechung* in opus 110. He adds a short bibliography and select discography. It is easy to point out some interesting omissions: Mendelssohn's *Andante*, Myrle's opus 109 and opus 110. Enough is chosen to illustrate the potential range of Beethoven interpretation, and the occasional anecdote is well placed. Concerning the late sonatas, Arthur Schnabel is quoted as saying, "Beethoven's late sonatas would kiss his feet and then ask 'please, not so many trills'." The general layout of the book is sumptuous and the music examples mostly taken from the Henle edition, though a danger with extracts—the ins and outs are often random and there is the odd mistake over clefs and accidentals.

His adult activity as a composer began in 1946, with two works which have achieved a kind of repertoire status, the *Sonata for Flute and Piano* and the *Piano Sonata No 1*. This was followed by a setting of René Char's violent love poetry called *Le Village Solitaire* inspired, Mrs. Poyer tells us, by "a brief, passionate sexual affair, the only one of his life so far as I know". He wrote the *Piano Sonata No 2* in 1947-48, and *Le Soleil des yeux* (again to a text by Char) which he had begun slightly earlier but reworked later. These works, though marked by a sensibility distinctive to Boulez, were an amalgam of the ideas and preoccupations of Schoenberg and (especially) Webern, his rhythmic devices of Messiaen. Later works, such as the *Structures* (1951-52) for two pianos and the *Polyphonie X* (1951), but later withdrawn) for eighteen solo instruments showed a direct application of the serial principle beyond pitch into the areas of rhythm, density, and dynamics.

In the mid-1950s Boulez attempted to mitigate the rigidity of serialism by a limited introduction (to some extent under the influence of John Cage) of chance procedures; this directed toward the *Structures* *Piano Sonata No 3* (1955-57); and in *Pli selon pli* (1957-62) written to the

Adèle in *Die Fledermaus*, and the opening of the *Mass of Life*. More regrettable was the omission of Boulez's "John Fletcher", the Romanesque Lecture of 1956 delivered in the Sheldonian Theatre and a carefully reasoned attack on "one of the grossest deceptions anywhere in the history of Letters", that preposterous dramatic sound, a Mozart talk transcribed from tape and given in the same bicentenary year at the University of Illinois. Boulez wrote at the age of twenty-five when singing bass in the Orpheus Madrigal Society, couched in that pompous, mocking prose that was to make the autobiography unforgettable. His players loved him, and his writings, many of which the *Structures* and *Pli selon pli* were able to extract from him increasingly

JOAN PEYSER:

Boulez  
Composer, Conductor, Enigma  
303pp. New York: Schirmer. \$12.95.

For some it may be a shock to read a book about a living musician which uses the method of psycho-biography, so fashionable in recent years for probing the inner lives of the likes of Messrs Nixon and Kissinger. But Pierre Boulez, the target of Joan Peyser's attentions, is within the small world of serious music, a famous man and of this generation's leading composers and performers perhaps the most successful at using his pen as a sword. So there is a certain rough justice in the fact that, as he has profited by musical journalism, so he has here been the subject (in the early stages, willing) of this psychologist's eye view. If he will not find much to cheer about in the result, neither in all probability will the book's readers.

The most significant musician France has produced since the last war, Boulez was born in 1925 into a bourgeois family, their second child to receive the name Pierre; the first had been born—and died—five years earlier. The new Pierre, having grown into an intelligent and aggressive child, was sent by his autocratic, free-thinking father and his submissive, religiously ambivalent mother, to a strict Catholic school until he was fifteen.

They also, from the time he was six, gave him piano lessons. He had a talent for mathematics, which he disregarded in favour of his musical interests and gifts. In 1941 he entered the university at Lyon as an engineering student. Shortly thereafter he was refused as a music student at the Lyon Conservatoire, but though his father wished to dissuade him from being a musician, the encouragement he received from his mother, and the French soprano Nihon Valin supported his inclination to follow a musical life.

In 1943 he came to Paris, where he entered the Conservatoire, studying harmony in the class of Georges Dandelot and counterpoint (privately with André Schaeffgen, Boulez's wife of Arthur Honegger. One year later he was working with Olivier Messiaen and by 1945 had written several compositions, all of which today are unknown and unpublished. In the same year he found the true, searching voice for his future in the heard Schoenberg's *Woodwind Quintet* conducted by René Leibowitz, the great propagator for the classic formation of 12-tone music. With Leibowitz, Boulez met the composer's Symposium opus 21. Under the influence of this new language Boulez's triple career—as mature composer, polemicist, and eventual performer—was ready to emerge on the public stage.

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# The tyranny of the new

By Samuel Lipman

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Composer, Conductor, Enigma  
303pp. New York: Schirmer. \$12.95.

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uncooperative subject and his hardly disinterested colleagues.

Her book does contain some significant facts about Boulez's personal life and career, much detailed description and extensive reproduction of the scores of his music, and innumerable opinions—a large number of them Mrs. Peyser's—about Boulez as man and artist. The meagreness of the available personal material makes it difficult to connect his life with his art, while Mrs. Peyser's musical commentary, though extensive, does little to make Boulez's music more accessible to the average folk by the listener. And the opinions of his colleagues, whether about Boulez himself or about the international world of contemporary music so vividly described by Mrs. Peyser, with if not caused by what she considers to be his ultimate remote, withdrawn, hostile, and somehow incomplete personality as reflected in his inability to form close personal relationships.

She has obviously devoted much effort to prying out from him and from those who know him enough to serve as reminders of this audience upon the music and its creators, and upon the world in which music, as a social activity, must be created and performed.

The audience of which Mrs. Peyser writes, and of which a journalist should be a representative and a leader, is a self-conscious group remarkable for its capricious pickings-up and castings-out, and for its perverse enthusiasms and rigid dislikes. In the world of the twentieth century it was, perhaps, a cold man makes cold music—rather weakened by the simple observation that cold music is also made in large quantities by many composers who are warm, not to say lecherous, musicians.

Mrs. Peyser may somewhere be aware of this flaw in her position, for she goes on to find Boulez's failings mirrored by the wider failure of the new music to find an audience. It was then, she argues, that a cold man makes cold music—rather weakened by the simple observation that cold music is also made in large quantities by many composers who are warm, not to say lecherous, musicians.

But if one cannot hear a caricature or the manipulation of intervals within a complex fabric, what is there within a work to hold it together in one's mind, to give a sense of closure to the listener?

Surely she cannot find this music's refusal to give the listener form that is immediately graspable—a symptom of a general sexual and emotional incapacity in its creators. Indeed, she rather finds with Schoenberg that the reason for our present lack of great music is the great personalities necessary for the creation of masterpieces cannot occur because "we are in the midst of a historical impasse, that a certain kind of cultural synthesis is dead, and with it the high art of our tradition is dead." She finds that there are no new composers on the horizon; she ends the chapter concluding this discussion by quoting: "Rückwärts, der Weg der Kunst ist." It is occasionally happened that a period in which one had, hitherto, been mainly looking for the coming of the birth of new things, suddenly reveals itself as an epoch of fading and decay.

It would be like to pretend that Mrs. Peyser's book is a study of Boulez and the avant-garde of this

century is in fundamental opposition to the received opinion of our time. As a conductor, regardless of the many commitments in his repertoire he has made, Boulez has hardly been successful in New York in emotionally satisfying his general audience, and neither his music nor that of his colleagues has been seen as more than something to be endured as an object of tolerant curiosity. If the standard of artistic value is to be success—and especially if success is to be interpreted in the organic way Mrs. Peyser favours—neither the man nor the music has succeeded. The return is not of course all in; Boulez as a performer and composer is still relatively young, and other and perhaps more sympathetic audiences will succeed ours.

Mrs. Peyser's book is to be commended for questioning the relationship between the cultivated audience for avant-garde music, composed as it is of the almost intellectual and the comfortably rich, and the art it so floridly supports. She rightly does not accept the musical commitment of this audience.

What drew so many in the field to align themselves with new music when they could not make the sense of it that they had always made of other music? ... My own motive was in large measure ideological and idealistic, and I believe that the commitment of many came from equally extraneous motives, not the least of which was the fear of repeating the mistakes of the official school, which, in the late nineteenth century, rejected paintings by Degas, Renoir, Monet, and Cézanne.

For Mrs. Peyser this analysis, penetrating as it is, applies only to why the music has not worked with its audience; it does not tell us what to do to discuss the likely effect of this audience upon the music and its creators, and upon the world in which music, as a social activity, must be created and performed.

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# The art of art alone

By T. J. Binyon

GEORGE GILMAN and  
H. W. TJAELMA (Editors):  
Russian Modernism  
Culture and the Avant-Garde  
1900-1930  
239pp. Cornell University Press. £10.

The nine contributions to this book—seven on literature, one on art and one on architecture—are, in George Gilman's term, an "outgrowth" of a conference held on Russian Modernism at Cornell in 1971. The theme chosen for the conference and repeated as the title of this book was perhaps phrased unfortunatly, for most of the contributors have felt the need to relate a definition of the terms "Modernism" and "avant-garde" to the exposition of their own subjects, sometimes to the subject's detriment, and occasionally to its distortion. In his introduction, Professor Gilman claims that "one of the illuminations yielded by this volume" is "the richness (and in some cases, the inconsistencies and contradictions) of the interpretation of Modernism".

The interpretations are certainly rich, consistent and contradictory but taken together do not seem to add up to much that is positive. This is confirmed when Professor Gilman attempts to pick out, from his contributors' essays, a core of common Modernist features. These are an attitude which is

usually one of antagonism to authority and convention, and of nihilism in relation to established culture; an artistic manner marked by dissociation and displacement; and subjects which are "frequently urban or connected with the machine".

But if one takes the three main literary groupings of the period—Symbolists, Acmeists, and Futurists—it could equally well be asserted, on stronger evidence than is adduced here, that Professor Gilman's first common feature applies only to the Futurists, that his second is true of the Futurists, partly true of the Acmeists, and least true of the Symbolists; and that his third is only applicable to a few individuals, most of whom, strangely enough, were Symbolists.

Vladimir Markov has pointed out (in *Russian Futurism*, 1958), as Valery Tsvetayev did at the time, that Futurism was a misnomer, and that most Futurists—with the obvious exception of Mayakovsky—were not interested in urban themes or the machine. And having thus added to the inconsistencies

and contradictions, if not to the richness, one is forced to conclude that Valéry's remark: "Il faudrait avoir le mot tout écrit de façon pour essayer de définir le romantisme" could equally well be applied to Modernism.

The period 1900 to 1930 is a fascinating one. Part of its fascination, of course, is archaeological; later developments in the Soviet Union covered it with a thick layer of ash, and whole settlements still await excavation. But it was also the scene of a brilliant efflorescence in literature and the arts, producing a number of geniuses, a much larger number of charlatans, and an even greater number of lunatics, distributed impartially between the first two classes.

And Professor Gilman seems to be coming much closer to a useful description when he remarks that Russian Modernism had not a lunatic fringe, but a lunatic centre. He mentions Vladimir Khlebnikov, who sought a "central number" that would connect all phenomena, and found it in 317; Kazimir Malevich, who, believing that energy derived from beauty of design, thought it possible to design a spacecraft in which the only means of propulsion would be its perfect shape; and to these can be added, from John E. Bowles's essay on art in St Petersburg, the military physician and dilettante artist Nikolai

Patricia Carden's "Ornamentation and Modernism" deals with the prose of Andrei Bely, Alexei

## The old days in Odessa

By Igor Vinogradoff

VALENTIN KATAYEV:  
A Mosaic of Life  
Memoirs of a Russian Childhood  
Translated by Moura Budberg and Gordon Latta  
477pp. Angus and Robertson. £7.50.

Valentin Katayev is the one great comic writer Russia has produced since the Revolution. His published works run to nine volumes and are headed by *Rastutshiki* (The Imbeciles), a poignant and uproarious tale of two naive cashiers who stumble into defecation and find themselves reviled by the Soviet Union in an underworld of sharpers and drunks. It should live and rank with Gogol's *Dead Souls*, with which it has often been compared. It seems incredible that it was published fifty years ago in

Kulbin, who discovered "the units of physics...very small, unconscious sensations from which the world is made", which could be reproduced by inserting a blunt needle into one's skin to a depth of 0.01 millimetres.

Of the contributors, perhaps Vladimir Weidlich in his article "The Poets of Modernism" has best confronted the challenge of the title—in a hermetic manner and in a thick layer of ash, and whole settlements still await excavation. But it was also the scene of a brilliant efflorescence in literature and the arts, producing a number of geniuses, a much larger number of charlatans, and an even greater number of lunatics, distributed impartially between the first two classes.

Other papers are less specifically angled towards the conference, and have more the character of work in progress—or, in the case of Edward J. Brown, actually completed: his "Mayakovsky's Futurist Period" consists of extracts from his *Mayakovsky: A Poet in the Revolution* (1973).

Patricia Carden's "Ornamentation and Modernism" deals with the prose of Andrei Bely, Alexei

Rumkov and Velemir Khlebnikov, of their post-revolutionary epigrams Boris Plunkin, Isaac Babel. Interesting and convincing in its treatment of the individual writers, it is less so when it comes to the imperatives of the title in generalizations. George Ivask gives a wholly convincing and well-documented account of the links between the *Khlysty*—the Russian Flagellant sect—and some modernist poets. He mentions, among others, Konstantin Balmont, Bely and Nikolai Klugev (himself a *Khlyst* for some time), but omits Blok, whose interest in the sect is described in Sergei Hucker's *The Poet and the Revolution* (1975).

The second half of the article, in which Professor Ivask examines a possible connection between the symbolism of the *Khlysty* and the futurist language of the Futurists, is less convincing: surely a comparison between any two kinds of gibberish coming from people who speak the same language would throw up common traits.

René Wellek's article on Russian Formalism is a brilliantly succinct and clear introduction to this critical school, which one can only admire. Equally admirable, in a different way, are the attempts made by John E. Bowles and S. Frederick Starr to impose some kind of order on two immensely chaotic subjects: the St Petersburg art world and especially the activi-

ties of the organization called the Union of Youth during the period 1900-14, and the history of the OSA, the Union of Contemporary Architects, from 1925-32, a history in which political, rather than architectural, attitudes played an ever increasing part.

The centrepiece of the collection, however, is the article by John E. Malinovsky and Gennady Shumakov on Mikhail Kuzmin's long poem "The Trout Breaching through the Ice", the Russian text of which is printed as an appendix. Ever since Pushkin's *Eugene Onegin* Russian poets have endeavoured to emulate it. Perhaps only Kuzmin has succeeded, and succeeded magnificently in this poem of homosexual love, classical triangle between the poet, his lover and the woman who, for a time, lures the latter away.

But this crude synopsis does no justice to the poem, which the authors treat with the subtlety, insight and knowledge which it deserves. Beginning with a general account of Kuzmin's views on art, they move on to the background of the poem, which to some extent draws on incidents and poems which also figure in Akhmatova's "Poem without a Hero" (it is suggested that Akhmatova's poem was partly conceived as a polemic against Kuzmin's), comment in some detail on the various parts, and end with a consideration of its philosophy and symbolism.

The book may not be much help in forming an abstract conception of Modernism, but it certainly represents a major contribution to the knowledge of some Modernists.

DANIEL FIELD:

The End of Serfdom  
Mobility and Bureaucracy in Russia,  
1855-1861  
472pp. Harvard University Press.  
£13.15.

Daniel Field's *The End of Serfdom* is the latest, and in some ways the most ambitious, contribution to a relatively recent revival of interest, among both Soviet and Western scholars, in the preparation of the serf emancipation. Until about a decade ago, for reasons too complex to dwell on here, most significant work connected with the reform dealt with agrarian relations in the pre-emancipation countryside and, especially, with the results of the reform based on detailed analysis of the structure of peasant allotments and obligations emerging from the legislation. Even so, the revival has been built on a long historiographical tradition. The first book devoted to the reform preparations was I. I. Ivanov's *Podanie kresoposlo prava v Rossi*, published in 1882.

What has this new book contributed to the discussion of the reform's preparation?

First of all, much as the author would undoubtedly like to have done so, he has not given us an exhaustive account of state politics in the reform era in the manner of the *Zakonchikovskiy* school, the scrupulously coordinated combining of state papers, memoirs, diaries, and private correspondence which has been applied with such impressive results to state politics of the nineteenth century (the example being the *Zakonchikovskiy* *The Crisis of the Autocracy at the End of the 1870s and the Beginning of the 1880s*, 1963). While a fairly wide variety of archival sources have been drawn upon in this book, the author has not been able to do so in the manner of the *Zakonchikovskiy* school, which has been described as a judicious selection. Thus far it has not been possible for non-Soviet scholars, even under the best of circumstances, to have the systematic, sustained access to Soviet archives necessary for the kind of treatment which is the hallmark of the *Zakonchikovskiy* school; such a job on the emancipation, if and when it is done, will probably be the work of a Soviet scholar.

Nor does Field pretend to have written such a book. He does claim to have reviewed the reform process from a new perspective, to have approached the abolition of serfdom "not as the beginning of a new era in Russian history, but as the end of an old era". Three cardinal features of the old era, in his opinion, are of particular importance for understanding what happened between November 1857, when the regime publicly committed itself to proceed with the reform, and February 19, 1861, when the *statutes of emancipation* were signed into law by the Emperor Alexander II: the political culture of nineteenth-century Russia; the monarchy and the institution of serfdom, self-conception as member of an estate of the realm, etc.; and the "contradiction between incalculable value and the ways of daily life" of the educated elite as a whole (that is, the clash between the "values" imported from Western Europe). While this polarization of perspectives (Field's versus that of other historians) is something of a red herring, the approach has resulted in a book that should be of interest to anyone concerned with the nature of pre-revolutionary Russian government and society.

There is a nicely turned introduction to serfdom, which is a characterization of the nobility, the manorial economy, and government policy towards the serfdom question over the first half of the nineteenth century, which is noticeably marked off by an uncharacteristic political acceptance of the notion that "there was a crisis of the serfdom economy in the middle of the nineteenth century" (Field would have done well to ponder the scepticism of words like "crisis" and "economy" in the hands of a subject like "nobility"). In *Systèmes agraires et progrès agricole* (1969), a work cited in his bibliography, The author goes on to grapple with the problem of causation: why did the regime, which in the person of the Tsar had long before set itself the goal of abolishing serfdom but had persistently hesitated to take that step, at last take it when it did? The major explanations in terms of a single or dominant factor—the threat of serf rebellion, economic crisis (sic), the military factor (the Crimean defeat made manifest the need for military reforms impossible of realization with the mass of the population locked in servitude), the personality factor (Alexander II's will)—are examined and wisely found wanting, and the search is in fact abandoned in favour of getting on with an inquiry into the immediate origins of the November 1857 rescript to Governor General Nazimov by which the government irrevocably committed itself to reform. As a point of fact, the question is rather unexpectedly reopened further on, where Field curiously opts for value changes among the elite as the ultimate cause. If it is essential in this sense, the causal factor in those rejected earlier—not a bad option, but hardly novel and not likely to satisfy the reader with a reductionist turn of mind.

Perhaps the episode should be written off as an involuntary seizure of historiographical authority. In any event, the question why? is replaced by the question how? and that question is answered in some of the book's more stimulating passages. The core of the argument is given on page 96: Serfdom had only a single survival mechanism, which was enmeshed in autocracy. The tsar's counsellors would periodically report that the abolition of serfdom was untimely on prudential grounds, the autocrat would defer to the counsel of prudence, and serfdom would resolve a new lease on life. This mechanism had been so effective over the years that no reserve mechanism had been developed. The preservation policy which in devices for the enforcement and support of serfdom, but not for its defense. The autocrat had only once to refuse to play out his part, to deny the customary compromise, and serfdom was condemned.

What was required of Alexander, then, was not courage or understanding surpassing that of his father Nicholas I (a case that would be very hard to defend at a point where the tsar's role is so clearly defined by the personality factor has founded), but attachment to his prerogatives and a general resolve to get on with "emancipation" however vaguely understood. Whether Alexander II's attitude was a result of the traditional defence mechanism in November 1857, or whether he had no clear idea of what he had done in signing the Nazimov rescript, remains an open question for the reader to decide. In the meantime, about his motives throughout the reform's preparation (Field seems inclined to the latter view).

The main outlines of the story that follows are not unfamiliar. The regime set the reform process in motion lacking a clear idea of the shape of the reform to come (more precisely, with no angle view having gained prominence with the Tsar, who may have been guided at this juncture by Napoleon's maxim "On s'engage, et puis on voit" and then, equivocating as went, proceeded to a solution that eliminated the personal dependency of the peasants on the arbitrary authority of the serfowners without sweeping away the social and economic foundations of the way of life of either the peasants or the nobility and without creating an insupportable threat to state security or to the treasury. The new order rested on two pillars: the binding of the peasants to their communes under the authority of agents of the Imperial bureaucracy (the manor economy, and government policy towards the serfdom question over the first half of the nineteenth century), which is noticeably marked off by an uncharacteristic political acceptance of the notion that "there was a crisis of the serfdom economy in the middle of the nineteenth century" (Field would have done well to ponder the scepticism of words like "crisis" and "economy" in the hands of a subject like "nobility"). In *Systèmes agraires et progrès agricole* (1969), a work cited in his bibliography, The author

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their ingrained habit of obeying orders "from on high", by involving them in the committees, charged with preparing the reform and not turning the job over entirely to the "reds", the second-level reforming bureaucrats who, together with a few talented "experts" from the nobility nevertheless provided the basic ideas finally incorporated in the reform statutes as well as most of the work, and by persistent equivocation about the principles of reform on the part of the Tsar. This equivocation allowed some of the *statutes* to entertain hopes of toppling the draft statutes and replacing them with their own schemes as late as January 1861.

In retrospect, it appears that the essential characteristics of the reform were established when preparation of the statutes was turned over early in 1859 to the extraordinary editing commissions ("editorial commissions" in Field's rendering of the Russian term) under Yakov Rostovtsev, who held a personal match with the Tsar. A military bureaucrat who had probably never given a thought to emancipation before 1857 (he had no serfs), Rostovtsev had then adopted as his own the programme of the "reds", and by the time of his untimely death in 1860 (February 1860) had succeeded in imposing it on the work of the commissions and on the mind of the Tsar firmly enough to ensure its final, if considerably modulated, victory.

The acquiescence of the provincial nobility, who in their majority looked on any change with understandable fear and trepidation, was obtained in much the same manner as that of the *statutes* and serfholders. They, too, were led on by equivocation about the guiding principles of reform (the government waffled on the question of the nobility's property rights to the estate, which in turn involved a whole lot of ambiguities on the subject). The evolution of noble views on emancipation tended to follow in the wake of government policy once the nobles became convinced that the emperor was abolishing serfdom, most gave up on the idea of overall opposition to change and settled on trying to get as much as possible for themselves out of the arrangements (and once it became clear in late 1860 that the government was intent on leaving part of the land indefinitely in peasant use, many turned to the idea of outright alienation of that part through redemption (with state financing) as preferable to the vague usage schemes then being outlined in official pronouncements—that way at least they would get some liquid capital and avoid the scourge of government agents that would undoubtedly come to the peasants' aid in the redemption process). The warning, that had been proposed for some time by a number of prominent publicists and by an actively abolitionist minority among the provincial nobility. And then when, with Rostovtsev's death, and the appointment of the notoriously conservative Count Panin as his successor in the commissions, it seemed that the government might withdraw its commitment to allocating land to the peasants, the idea of redemption temporarily lost a good deal of its popularity among the nobility involved in the reform discussions (in the event, Panin on the whole proved true to his word to the Tsar to carry out the wishes of Rostovtsev).

Field's approach to those developments is distinguished from other accounts—including the 300-odd pages devoted to state-noble relations and the reform's preparation in the *Land, Gender and the Russian Emancipation of 1861* (Cambridge, 1968)—principally by his particular understanding of the role played in the reform process by the autocrat and the institution of the autocracy. The central point of this approach is that it was the interaction of the "myth of the monarchy" (or "monarchist illusions")—the belief, which supposedly held sway among nobles and peasants alike, that the autocrat, the highly placed aristocrats, who figured more or less prominently in all stages of the reform discussion, was obtained thanks to

There are a number of weak spots in this edifice. For one thing, the regime's equivocation, on which so much of the argument is based, seems to be inadequately analysed in the book. While it could be argued that equivocation would have produced the same results whatever its origins, the fact remains that Field's conception of its sources involves little of the ambiguity of the autocrat and the autocracy. If the conception is faulty, the view as a whole is deprived of much of its persuasiveness. The evaluation of the reform process, while it is useful in dealing with the problem of equivocation, may be a fair one, but it is insufficiently substantiated. It is based almost entirely on negative evidence: the absence of direct testimony from Alexander about what he was up to.

This is a vulnerable point, and not only because some such testimony may eventually turn up. Alexander lived on to reign another twenty years after 1861. Because of the emperor's proverbial reluctance about his "flaws and motives in matters of politics, we were compelled to approach him in the manner of the behaviourist and the pattern of signals issuing from the imperial "black box" during those later years must be studied before anything like firm conclusions can be drawn about his intentions as regards the autocracy. Here, *The End of Serfdom* makes a suggestive beginning, but only a beginning.

Ambiguity and uncertainty about the reform certainly existed within the government, as a whole, but were not their causes; the issues involved, rather more specific than they appear to be, were the "crucial character" throughout the discussions of the question of land redemption and directly related fiscal considerations. Equivocation on the issue of land redemption was hardly the result of uncertainty among the architects of the reform statutes in the editing commissions about the desired eventual outcome of the reform: redemption by the peasants of their plots, a propertied nobility and a propertied peasantry. They hesitated about placing too great a strain on the state budget, and for them that ruled out immediate, universal state-financed redemption. The central point of this approach is that it was the interaction of the "myth of the monarchy" (or "monarchist illusions")—the belief, which supposedly held sway among nobles and peasants alike, that the autocrat, the highly placed aristocrats, who figured more or less prominently in all stages of the reform discussion, was obtained thanks to

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mind—with the regime's equivocation on the principles of reform which allowed the regime to bring off the emancipation without seriously rending the social fabric or giving rise to unmanageable political pressures; in the author's phrase, "to engineer assent".

In retrospect, the function of equivocation is regarded as crucial; without it "monarchist illusions" could not have been sustained. In all this, Field is disinclined to see any "grand design" or "superior cunning" on Alexander's part. He doubts the autocracy deliberately manipulated the "persistent monarchism" of its subjects. He concludes that its equivocations derived from "the government's own ambiguity and uncertainty", rather than from guile and design.

The constituent elements of this argument are not entirely unfamiliar, of course. The view that Alexander was vacillating, rather devious and generally "other-directed" when it came to political plans is rather conventional. The curious behaviour in the reform planning of the routine careerist "Yashka" Rostovtsev and of his successor Count Viktor Nikitich Alexander seems to be rather inexplicable, at least in the light of the numerous proposals of political reform in old-regime Russia. Nor has the overall passivity and lack of coordination, not to say downright cowardice, with which the nobility swooned and abruptly with which the peasants refused to be taken in by the promises of the reform, been overlooked. But Field welds these elements into a sustained view of the politics of reform that is peculiar to *The End of Serfdom*.

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so far as the economic settlement was concerned they considered the 1861 statutes to be only the first step in reform legislation (the reason the regime waited until 1881 to make redemption obligatory was analysed in V. G. Chernikha's book, *The Peasant Question in Russian State Politics: 1860s-1870s* [1972, in Russian]).

A slighting of the importance of the land question, combined with the emphasis on the force of the "myth of the monarchy" seems to lead to an underestimation of the conscious obstructionist efforts among the *statutes* and provincial nobles to interfere with the pursuit of the reform or to turn it in other directions. Field is too inclined to interpret these efforts as mere misunderstandings arising from governmental equivocation. It cannot be disputed that to some extent inept and ill-considered deference to the nobility's demands for autonomy for reformers, and weakness of cohesiveness within the nobility acted to neutralize dissatisfaction and interference with the government's reform activities. The question is one of degree. In the end, Field seems to exaggerate the degree of compliance, passivity, and absence of political pretensions among the provincial nobility. As a purely statistical proposition, that the nobility's confrontations with the government in these years led to no serious proposals for political reforms and demands for political participation.

It is particularly unfortunate, in view of its emphasis on the "myth of the monarchy" and the compliance of social groups (especially the nobility), that *The End of Serfdom* should end abruptly with the signing of the reform statutes on February 19, 1861. By binding the narrative limits to so legalistic a conception of the reform process, Field apparently fails to apply to the reform process, in fact the preparation of the reform, was far from over on February 19, 1861. In many respects that was only the beginning of the process. The terms of the statutes had yet to be applied in the countryside, the land chartered (*statutory* grammar) had yet to be drawn up, for which purpose a two-year waiting period when peasant-noble relations were to remain "as before" was prescribed. The real implications of the statutes had yet to be brought home to the mass of individuals affected by them. If over there was a time during the preparation of the reform when social and political tensions could be expected to be, and were, the greatest, it was in those two years immediately following February 19, 1861. If the role of the "monarchist myth" in the serf emancipation is to be applied to the events of those years, when *statutes*, provincial nobles, and peasants alike were far more stirred up than they had been at any time during the years of the reform, the real implications of the statutes had yet to be brought home to the mass of individuals affected by them. If over there was a time during the preparation of the reform when social and political tensions could be expected to be, and were, the greatest, it was in those two years immediately following February 19, 1861. If the role of the "monarchist myth" in the serf emancipation is to be applied to the events of those years, when *statutes*, provincial nobles, and peasants alike were far more stirred up than they had been at any time during the years of the reform, the real implications of the statutes had yet to be brought home to the mass of individuals affected by them. If over there was a time during the preparation of the reform when social and political tensions could be expected to be, and were, the greatest, it was in those two years immediately following February 19, 1861. If the role of the "monarchist myth" in the serf emancipation is to be applied to the events of those years, when *statutes*, provincial nobles, and peasants alike were far more stirred up than they had been at any time during the years of the reform, the real implications of the statutes had yet to be brought home to the mass of individuals affected by them. If over there was a time during the preparation of the reform when social and political tensions could be expected to be, and were, the greatest, it was in those two years immediately following February 19, 1861. If the role of the "monarchist myth" in the serf emancipation is to be applied to the events of those years, when *statutes*, provincial nobles, and peasants alike were far more stirred up than they had been at any time during the years of the reform, the real implications of the statutes had yet to be brought home to the mass of individuals affected by them. If over there was a time during the preparation of the reform when social and political tensions could be expected to be, and were, the greatest, it was in those two years immediately following February 19, 1861. If the role of the "monarchist myth" in the serf emancipation is to be applied to the events of those years, when *statutes*, provincial nobles, and peasants alike were far more stirred up than they had been at any time during the years of the reform, the real implications of the statutes had yet to be brought home to the mass of individuals affected by them. If over there was a time during the preparation of the reform when social and political tensions could be expected to be, and were, the greatest, it was in those two years immediately following February 19, 1861. If the role of the "monarchist myth" in the serf emancipation is to be applied to the events of those years, when <



# Ascents to the Heights

By John Sutherland

ANNE SMITH (Editor):  
The Art of Emily Brontë  
246pp. Vision Press. £5.25.

Compilations like *The Art of Emily Brontë* tend to be miscellaneous and uneven in quality while fervently protesting their unity of critical purpose. A number of essays are commissioned from critics who may be strangers to each other. When the contributions finally come in they are arranged so as best to suggest coherence, and a large titular turpaulin is thrown over them such as "The Art of . . ." or "Modern Approaches to . . ." The editor is then obliged to offer a kind of huckstering introduction like Anne Smith's "Towards a New Assessment". "The time has come, surely," Dr Smith tells us, "to take a fresh look at *Wuthering Heights*, to see it steady and to see it whole." The collection is dedicated, she declares, to "a new idea . . . the idea that Emily Brontë was a conscious artist, far ahead of her time. The studies presented here will, it is hoped, establish that idea once for all, and point the way to a new era in the understanding of her art."

## In pursuit of the unreadable

By Georgina Battiscombe

A. J. HARTLEY:  
The Novels of Charles Kingsley  
A Christian Social Interpretation  
188pp. Bailey Bros and Swinfen. 16p.

Allan John Hartley has written 171 pages about Charles Kingsley's novels without mentioning the one inescapable fact that they are unreadable. *Westward Ho!* is an exception; it is, or was, splendid enough to give a novel-veneer to that age it was possible to get to the end of *Hereward the Wake*, though *Hypatia* proved indigestible. But to this adult reader at least Venn, *Alton Locke*, and *Two Years Ago*, the novels which must obviously lend themselves to a Christian Social Interpretation, present obstacles only to be surmounted by much judicious skipping.

Kingsley's novels were undoubtedly very popular with his contemporaries; the didactic novel is, how-

ever, essentially a book for its own age. Posterity prefers fact to fiction; today anybody interested in Victorian social problems or sanitary conditions turns to Mayhew or Booth or the reports of various Royal Commissions, perhaps even to the actual pamphlets which Kingsley himself produced under the pseudonym "Parson Lot". In *Cheap Clothes and Nasty*, to quote one instance, he gives a much more accurate and moving picture of sweated labour in tailoring trade than he found in *Alton Locke*; he deliberately emotive novel on the same subject.

Dr Hartley makes the important point that Kingsley saw himself as a minor prophet proclaiming a major one, the major prophet of Christian Socialism being D. D.auric and that he thus added a new prophetic dimension to the novel, which he used as an instrument for popularizing Maurice's views. Another less ambitious author whom Kingsley admired and praised highly saw himself in a similar prophetic and popular role. "I have always regarded myself as a sort of instrument for popularizing Church views," said

Charlotte Yonge. In her, however, the novelist took charge of the prophet, with the result that although Tractarian "Church views" are today out of fashion and Kingsley's Christian humanism much less vogue, her unpretentious stories have become the object of a cult while his tremendous outpourings go unread.

Dr Hartley believes that this neglect of our loss and that Kingsley is an undervalued novelist. In the art of description, "lying in proof of this statement a fox-hunting scene which can bear comparison with similar scenes in Surtees's or Trollope's novels. Other people may disagree with his judgment, but after reading this book they must at least admit that although Kingsley may not be a good novelist he is certainly an important one, because of his influence on the minds of his contemporaries.

On page 136 Dr Hartley portrays a horrid howler. He declares that the remark "Almost unmentioned me to be Christendom" was made by St Paul; it was, of course, made to Saint Paul by King Agrippa.

Barbara Hardy closes up the poetry section with an essay on "the lyricism of Emily Brontë". Professor Hardy here pursues her current interest in the formal elements of fiction and poetry. Apart from anything else this could stand as a remarkably thin essay on lyricism *tout court*. There is, however, much else. Professor Hardy offers tentative schemes of categorization for the poetry, together with several critical dismantlings of individual poems. There is a powerful contribution and will be returned to our imagines, by subsequent commentators.

The book's second section, on *Wuthering Heights*, is, as one would expect, diverse and best taken piecemeal. J. F. Goodridge offers a wide-ranging essay which dispassionately locates the novel against Scott, the ballad and the Gothic tradition. His diffuse approach is followed by Philippa Tristram's chapter which focuses closely on the theme of childhood in the novel. The dense, interknit quality of this challenging essay makes for the slowest reading in the book. T. E. Apter considers "Romanticism and Romantic Love in *Wuthering Heights*"; again a wide-ranging piece with suggestive references to European literature.

Those three essays on *Wuthering Heights* are essentially expository. The remaining two, by Keith Sagar and Colin Wilson, are what the blurb calls "controversial". Indeed

Keith Sagar's "The Originality of *Wuthering Heights*" seems to go out of its way to pick a fight with the reader. His contention is that *Wuthering Heights* shares the otherwise universally narrow-minded corpus of Victorian fiction. Sagar argues forcefully. None the less I think his main example, *Adam Bede*, turns in his hand. George Eliot, he asserts, had "advanced ideas and moral non-conformity, but such was the burden of being a Victorian and a woman writer that very little of this gets into the novels". Emily Brontë, by contrast, does not write for "faint-hearted readers". The disparagement is, I think, unfair. *Adam Bede*, for example, is unique among Victorian novels in referring specifically to menstruation; can one imagine Emily Brontë doing the same? Indeed, can one imagine Emily Brontë giving as specific a sexual notation of her human condition as George Eliot normally does? (Sagar himself seems somewhat uneasy about this point, though he does not allow it to undermine his argumentative confidence.)

For all its pugnacity Keith Sagar's essay is close to the text and well put together. Colin Wilson's "Personal Response to *Wuthering Heights*" seems to have been written off the top of his head after a third reading. It is not, he concludes, "a great novel". One wonders what would have happened had he imitated its author and sent this essay to Dr Smith pseudonymously.

FRANCIS GLADSTONE:  
The Politics of Planning  
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This short book, or extended pamphlet, is a polemic against planners. Although the usual biographical information about the author is missing, one may deduce that he is not himself a planner. Neither does he seem on internal evidence to be an architect, or an engineer, or a politician or a technocrat or bureaucrat or a sociologist or political scientist or geographer. When I telephoned his publishers all they knew was that he had been involved in journalism and television, was in his forties and now lived in America.

Be all that as it may, Francis Gladstone has an observant eye and a ready pen and he has taken a look at planning as it has worked out in practice in Sheffield, Teesside (that was), South Hampshire and Liverpool. These places have all had plans that have gone drastically wrong, and in general this has happened in all urban areas of any size, at least in Britain. We are faced, he thinks, with an intensifying urban crisis, which he diagnoses as a crisis between the suburban and non-suburban elements in society, between what he calls "city users" and "city needers". He sees this as a political crisis, and one that will not be solved by experts such as planners, architects, engineers and so on.

Thus in Sheffield the City Architect Lewis Womersley was able to transform the townscape visually by planting tall blocks on the steep sides of the hills on which the city is built. But the plan of which his tall blocks were a part condemned 19,000 houses to demolition, with a further 12,000 likely to become substandard over the twenty years covered by the plan. This produced extensive and involuntary areas of blight, with a very high cost in human misery. Since Womersley left, the tide has begun to turn against the policy of mass solutions, with a proliferation of protest groups, and involuntary areas threatened with demolition. Presumably the radical pressure has come from members of the university.

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## City users and city needers

By Charles Mudge

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were clear that they could not be bound by the "Teessplan", though they appointed a Director of Planning and Development on the grounds that he would "get things done"—which meant building expensive suburban housing estates on open country, building huge drive-in shopping centres, and clearing poorer housing for office blocks and, above all, roads. There was very little protest on Teesside though in a few cases authority had been successfully challenged by individuals working almost single-handed. Since Francis Gladstone was there, the area has been divided between rival forces: police, council, and private industry. The idea of the organic environment.

Is there any alternative? Mr Gladstone suggests that we may look for the seeds of one in Jane Jacobs's *The Death and Life of Great American Cities* (1962). A resident of Greenwich Village, she championed its diversity and vitality against the monolithic dullness of environments designed by city planners. The idea of the organic environment.

South Hampshire was another area where "it had been clear to Westminster and Whitehall for ten years that the kind of development taking place . . . was far from satisfactory". The government appointed Colin Buchanan's firm to prepare a study of the area. But in spite of its bold and original approach the study was rejected out of hand by public and council alike when it was produced in 1966. The government was still convinced they asked Gerald Smart, the chief planner for the Hampshire County Council, to set up a team and produce a plan, coercing the cities of Portsmouth and Southampton to take part, while ignoring the many smaller authorities.

A large amount of data was collected and a sample of the population was required to answer a questionnaire. A computer was put to work. The completed plan consisted of two large volumes, 600 pages in all, "laced with evocative photographs of children in harbour and children riding ponies past old cottages, together with beautifully presented maps and diagrams".

In Mr Gladstone's view, the language of the report derives not from the real world but from the machinery used to process the data. It is a "wordy, pompous, and verbose" piece of writing, "a kind of jargon" which covers up the situation facing low-income families in the area, especially those on the housing estates. "When I asked Gerald Smart why the plan did not deal with the housing problem, he replied that he did not want 'to get the plan bogged down in political issues'."

In Liverpool, fourth and final example of counter-productive planning, Francis Amos had made Liverpool Planning Department one of "least known" in the country, but it had no money and no power, while the richest and most powerful department of all was the Housing Department. The Housing programme was on a vast scale, but given the city's resources it was inevitably clumsy, resulting both in massive blight and in the "totally planned" horror exemplified by Inner Everton. The people who live there are denied the benefits of their environment but have no means of political expression. Almost all the councillors live outside the area, and seldom do more than 15 per cent of the electorate turn out to vote.

In two concluding chapters, Mr Gladstone expounds the dilemma of city users and city needers. The city users, living in outer suburbs or beyond the city boundaries, have all the financial and political advantage.

When the area was amalgamated, the majority in the new authority

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is crudely mixed at the moment, I mean that our cities are the result of a crude struggle between capitalism and state capitalism in which the main tendency is to larger economic units. An organic environment, a healthy environment that takes the small man seriously.

The value of Mr Gladstone's *tour d'horizon* is that he may make many of us look again at our assumptions as citizens, voters, householders. To be completely convincing, his arguments need to be fleshed out with more data than his one-man foray could possibly gather up. For some readers his terminology may stand in the way of thought, rather than guiding it smoothly along. But rings true. I am reminded of the much more solid and detailed work of Norman Dennis in his *People and Planning* (1970). In that book the activity of town planning as carried out under the 1947 Act was seriously called in question.

By Robert Dervel Evans

J. GERAINT JENKINS:  
Life and Tradition in Rural Wales  
192pp. Dent. £7.50.

Although J. Geraint Jenkins's *Life and Tradition in Rural Wales* forms part of a series of studies covering the Yorkshire dales, the Lake District, the Cotswolds and other regions, it has a significance all its own. Dealing mainly with the methods of husbandry, farming tools, domestic utensils, handicrafts and other aspects of everyday life in the rural communities of the principality between the Industrial Revolution and the early twentieth century, it touches—too briefly, on social customs and cultural traditions which distinguish the Welsh from their neighbours in England, and the impact of different environments on



# Learning to replace the Raj

By Ainslie Embree

D. A. WASHBROOK

The Emergence of Provincial Politics: The Madras Presidency, 1870-1920. 358pp. Cambridge University Press. £11.

V. N. DATTA (Editor)

New Light on the Punjab Disturbances in 1919. Two Volumes. 1,155pp. Simla: Indian Institute of Advanced Study. Rs 200.

B. R. TOMLINSON

The Indian National Congress and the British Raj. The Penultimate Phase. 208pp. Macmillan. £10.

The use of the metaphors of European nationalism has greatly hindered our understanding of political developments in India during the past hundred years. Even in the context of European history there is reason to question the validity of such intellectual constructs as "the rise of nationalism", but their application to countries with radically different historical experiences has become increasingly indefensible. Nationalism has come to be regarded as a self-existent entity, making its appearance almost unbidden and carrying all opposition before it. Belief in such a force makes it possible, not just for academics, but also for politicians and journalists, to avoid the disquieting task of looking deeply into the actual causes of great social movements. This has been particularly true in India, where very articulate intellectual and political groups found the concept of nationalism serving for explaining and rationalizing the contradictions of their situation.

Although the three books under review are very different in their

approaches to events in the subcontinent, each in its own way examines these processes which have been categorized as components in the "rise of nationalism", and moves towards a clearer understanding both of past and present events, and even of future developments.

D. A. Washbrook's study of provincial politics in Madras confronts the issue directly by denying primacy to nationalist ideology in bringing about those changes, notably the emergence of the Home Rule League and the anti-Brahmin movement, which have been usually ascribed to the working of nationalism. In some ways it is an unsatisfactory book, promising more than it delivers, and the thesis is often obscured by a mass of irrelevant detail, but it is an important work, marking a new stage in the analysis of modern Indian history. Reflecting a methodology and, it should be stressed, an attitude towards India itself characteristic of current British academic studies of India, it stands in sharp contrast to most previous work on Indian political history.

Throughout India, the period from 1917 to 1921 was filled with intense political activity. It is defined on the one side by the announcement in Parliament that the aim of British policy in India was "the progressive realization of responsible government", and on the other by Gandhi's first non-cooperation movement. This was the scene of the violent protests that are the theme of V. N. Datta's book, while Madras, a byword for political apathy, became the centre of the two great agitations, the Home Rule League and the anti-Brahmin movement, which provided the focal point for Dr Washbrook's study. Both the Home Rule and anti-Brahmin agitation fit conveniently into a historical framework provided by an interpretation that sees nationalism as the motivating force of events, but Dr Washbrook rejects this as a sufficient causal explanation of the transformation of Madras politics.

The change came about, he argues, because political institutions and relationships had already been altered in South India, and it was these structural changes, not the "rise of nationalism", that account for the new politics.

This is not, of course, a new idea in itself, since many historians have seen modern administrative structures as a necessary precondition for the development of nationalism, but Dr Washbrook has studied the process and documented it in a most convincing manner. Many of the old administrators were aware that British rule in India had severed the ties which had bound rulers and ruled through a host of intermediaries that gave Indian society its peculiar texture. Dr Washbrook first outlines how this process of separation took place in Madras in the first three-quarters of the nineteenth century, and then shows how a political state was rebuilt. New institutions were developed which led to new linkages between the rulers in the capital and powerful factions in the countryside. Out of this emerged new political forces which, he argues, had no previous counterpart in South Indian life and led to a new form of political integration.

Using evidence from a variety of regions, such as the Andhra and Cauveri deltas, as well as from a number of organizations, he examines the process of change. Innovations in centralized bureaucracy, elected officials, and the legal system—interacted with old structures, such as the great temple complexes. Readjustments and realignments of the old institutions, with the new, began to take place by the beginning of the First World War, and the Home Rule League and the anti-Brahmin movement as organized expressions of the aspirations and demands of different segments of society.

Dr Washbrook gives us history written at a distance, both in time and in emotional involvement with the events. At the end, one has little sense that

these events mattered much either to the historians or to the participants. V. N. Datta's massive volumes of documents are, on the other hand, history close-up, filled with the politics of passion and ideology that Dr Washbrook coolly summarizes under the heading of "factionalism". The background of Datta's documents is the Jallianwalla Bagh firing, when at least 400 people were killed. The widespread unrest in the Punjab and Gandhi's new politics of non-violence had led to a fearful, anxious government to take an action without precedent in the history of British rule in India, and political India responded with anger and bitter resentment.

This was channelled into a demand, ironically enough, for that most British of instrumentalities, a commission of inquiry. The Government set up a commission, which was forced to take action by Edwin Montagu, the Secretary of State, who insisted on a wide-ranging inquiry into not only the firing but the general situation in the Punjab. Under the chairmanship of Lord Hunter, the commission produced seven volumes of evidence, five of which were published, but two of them were suppressed. It is these volumes that V. N. Datta has now resurrected from the files of the National Archives of India, after much high-level academic detective work. He has provided them with an excellent introduction, and the volumes will be of interest to students of the period.

There are, however, no startling revelations in the evidence, and it is hard at first to see why they were suppressed to begin with. The explanation is probably that there is too much talk of disaffection in the army, of Gandhi's role, and, in general, of a province that was very different to the homeland, as well as the counterpoint of the policy, the plans and programs of the Indian National Congress. He is aware that current fashion in Indian studies is for regional studies, with an emphasis on local and group, and a denial of ideas, and Dr Washbrook's book is an example of this. But Dr Tomlinson sensibly concludes that it is impossible to understand the collapse of the British and the triumph of the Congress except from an all-India level. He does not suppose, however, that the men at the top really had the power to mould events; they thought they had, and he book in large part is a careful study of how the leaders, both Indian and British, were searching for possible lines of action.

He begins with a review of British policy during the period from 1919 to 1935, and then returns to the Congress politics from the point of view of Gandhi and the national leaders. After an excursion into provincial Congress politics, he examines the period from 1935 to 1947, when the Congress stands "politically" in its narrow meaning—politicizing, the promotion of one's own ends. The Congress ministers were making decisions, they were engaged in governing, but this is always wholly subordinated to the study of the tedious, and surely not very important, struggles within the Congress committees. The final chapter deals with the first three years of the war, and Dr Tomlinson concludes that in 1942 both the British and the Indians "shared the problem of India". What the war ended, all parties were to discover that there was no longer a "problem of India", for that had only existed as a function of British power.

All three of these books add to our understanding of the complex process by which the British, and the Indians, initiated and nurtured the politics of modern India. They were in the end, not defeated, but rendered superfluous by their own creation.

## Jammoo yesterday

By Simon Digby

FREDERIC DREW

The Jammoo and Kashmir Territories. A Geographical Account. 584pp. Graz: Akademische Druck und Verlagsanstalt. 690 Sch.

Frederic Drew, a British mining engineer, spent ten years from 1882 in the service of Ranbir Singh, Maharaja of Jammu and Kashmir. He was recruited as a geological investigator, or more exactly to look for minerals, but later served as manager of the state's forest department and as governor of Leh-Kashmir. He therefore had great opportunities to observe and describe the results of a detailed geographical survey of a tract which is large in extent and varied in character.

structures that had been created over the past fifty years. In his discussions of the evidence, the commission, the officials in that taken place in the leadership of Punjab, and in the manner reminiscent of Dr Washbrook's analysis of Madras, rural divisions, cleavages within a rural leadership, and new political roles for the professional class as factors that made control of the province difficult. They did not know how to deal with the order they had called into being. A. J. W. Kitchen, the Commissioner of Lahore, summed up the problem neatly when he remarked, "The Khun Bahadurs and the Sahibis are dead... I am trying to get in touch with the new class who have influence. ... But I am not much hope for them. ... For the present we must rely on our selves alone."

B. R. Tomlinson's *The India National Congress and the British Raj* comes as a close on what happened as the British were forced to take action by Edwin Montagu, the Secretary of State, who insisted on a wide-ranging inquiry into not only the firing but the general situation in the Punjab. Under the chairmanship of Lord Hunter, the commission produced seven volumes of evidence, five of which were published, but two of them were suppressed. It is these volumes that V. N. Datta has now resurrected from the files of the National Archives of India, after much high-level academic detective work. He has provided them with an excellent introduction, and the volumes will be of interest to students of the period.

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In 1875 he published the unofficial gazetteer, *The Jammoo and Kashmir Territories*, a small volume of nearly 600 drawings and a few line-drawings. Apart from physical geography and geology, Drew also wrote with varying degrees of sophistication upon the ethnography, language, religious observances, and customs of the communities under the Maharaja's rule. His account is of great value, though at places it can be supplemented by Walter Lawrence's *The Valley of Kashmir* (1895) and by Hashemullah's *Local History of the State and its Dependencies* (Lucknow, 1930). Though there is lots of quality in the reproduction of photographs and plates and the margins are agreeably narrow. Copies of the original edition have long been scarce and long held at a price well above the price at which this is offered.

## Status-owners and status-seekers

By G. B. Milner

R. R. NAYACAKALOU

Leadership in Fiji. 170pp. Oxford University Press. £11.25.

Fiji—the only nation of the new commonwealth to have retained the Union Jack (in a field of Cambridge blue) at its independent masthead—is the Britain of the South Seas: its racial, social and linguistic blend offers a parallel to our own amalgam of Celtic, Saxon and Norman stocks and cultures. Like the British, Fijians are a proud and warlike people who in peacetime tend to relax and dissipate their energies, preferring sport and convivial living to the dull routine of working for money. They are fascinated by the attributes of rank and status and love good breeding. In general they are shy and reserved, yet they laugh readily and their humour, while nearly always kind, is keen. Not least they were, and still are, loyal to the British crown.

From 1874, when it became a

colon colony, until independence in 1970, not only did Fiji give Whitehall no trouble and seldom hit the headlines, it also vindicated British colonial administration at its most successful, and especially the policy of governing a subject people by indirect rule. Perhaps the Fijians were fortunate in the calibre of their senior expatriate officials, who, because they were happy, often stayed many years and identified with the people in their care. It seems clear that they saw themselves in a quasi-paternal role, one of their main tasks being to shield the islanders from exploitation or even expropriation at the hands of unscrupulous immigrants.

Since the Fijian way of life places great weight on communal activity and especially on the political and economic role of the chiefs, it was understandable that for almost the whole of the colonial period the administration should have done its utmost to prevent or delay the breakdown of the indigenous structure. Thus, until fairly recently, Fijians were strongly discouraged from leaving their villages. Measures were also taken to preserve the communal system of land tenure and to set up, both at local and national level, a separate system of government from which non-Fijians were excluded.

During the past twenty-five years this policy has increasingly come under attack, overtly from a few Western social scientists and perhaps covertly from a number of the Fijians themselves. It was argued that the policy of the colonial administration had led to the freezing of what in pre-European days had been an open and fluid social structure, in which privilege of birth did not necessarily give a man power, and rank had to be supported by energy, intelligence and political ability. It was also said that the communal bias of the administration had created an "undemocratic straitjacket which kept the Fijians in a state of permanent tutelage. While significant political or economic initiative from below was stifled, the chiefs themselves were too closely identified with the bureaucratic structure to fulfil their traditional role as leaders.

Rusiate Nayacakalou (c is pronounced like "in" mother) died prematurely in 1972. After overcoming great obstacles he had graduated in Auckland, became the first Fijian to qualify for a PhD, and held university and government appointments. He was not only a non-Western anthropologist, but, as a side by side: traditional government officials or chiefs) and not a commoner. *Leadership in Fiji* reviews the social and historical

factors which make for the emergence of leaders both in the traditional sense (persons having ascribed status) and the modern sense (persons whose status is achieved). The study stops in the mid-1960s but in a final chapter the author's successor in office has outlined recent developments.

Unlike some other contributions to the same subject which at times verge on acrimony, Nayacakalou's book is good-tempered, urbane and well written. On balance, however, there is no doubt that in the main he agrees with those who have attacked the colonial administration. In his view the principal failure was the refusal until 1960 to accept and make provision for the fact that a very large number, perhaps as much as a third, of all Fijians were permanently settled in urban areas as wage-earners. The town-dwellers may do their utmost to maintain traditional values and kinship ties, but urban living makes demands and sets problems which neither the administration nor the traditionally oriented leaders, with their focus on the village, were equipped to meet.

Today two types of leaders operate side by side: traditional government officials or chiefs) and not a commoner. *Leadership in Fiji* reviews the social and historical

tive society officials, etc), whose standing depends on election and continued support and is therefore much less secure. The new leaders must be responsive to the needs of those who elect them and they represent an articulate section of the population, largely unrepresented during the colonial period, yet one which is politically strong and potentially powerful. By traditional leader "is the focus for the unity of the group he leads and . . . represents the honour of the group in its relations with other groups".

Contrary to the cherished belief of the colonial administrators, and of many Fijians, that traditional types of organization can be adapted to meet modern needs, the author argues that, on the contrary, new forms of organization must be accepted or rejected *in toto*. There is no question of structural adaptation. Within the framework of traditional culture adaptation and change is an illusion since "one cannot change and preserve the same thing at the same time". The Fijians cannot "resist change and yet embrace it, retain their culture and yet change their way of life". They must choose between preservation and change.

This hard-headed and yet good-natured view is both startling and salutary. If Britain is the Fiji of Western Europe, Nayacakalou's warning may even be relevant to our present problems.

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Further details are available from Mr. P. J. Wallis, Reader in Modern History, Department of Education, University of Newcastle upon Tyne, NE1 7RU, to whom applications should be sent by 29th March 1977.

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Applications are invited from graduates in humanities or social sciences for appointment as a Junior Research Associate for a research project, biography and bibliography. Work will include preparation of data for computer filing but no previous experience with computers is necessary. Ability in languages would be an advantage. The salary range is between £2,904-£4,000 per annum and the appointment, which will be for one year, will be renewable for a further year from a date to be arranged. The appointee may apply to register for a higher degree. Applicants interested in a part-time appointment may also be considered.

Further details are available from Mr. P. J. Wallis, Reader in Modern History, Department of Education, University of Newcastle upon Tyne, NE1 7RU, to whom applications should be sent by 29th March 1977.

### LIBRARY ASSISTANT

Library Assistant required by City Solicitors, preferably with special library experience. Applicants should ideally be in their twenties with a good standard of education, at least two 'A' levels, and be able to type. Salary according to age and experience.

Please write, giving details of education and experience, to Miss E. G. Ross, Clifford-Turner, Blackfriars House, 10 New Bridge Street, London EC4 6BY.

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